

SMOKER'S
MAGAZINE

The Only Magazine
ISSUED SOLELY
IN
THE INTERESTS
OF
THE SMOKER
And Tobacconist.



PUBLISHED BY
THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE CO.
— NEW YORK. —

THE JUSTLY FAMOUS
POCKET
PACKAGE

A FEW LEAVES
OF
TOBACCO
AND TEN
CLEAN FINGERS
MAKE THE
SANATEL STOGIE



BETTER
THAN
EVER

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A Warm Novelette.
You'll want more
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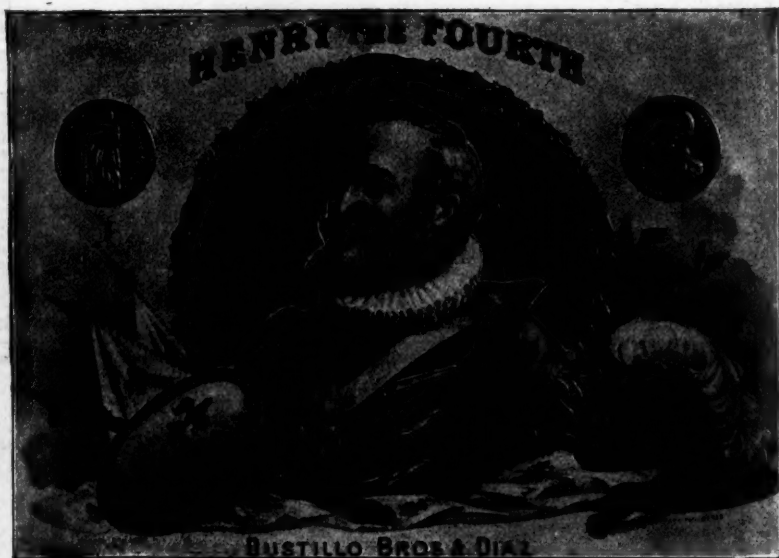
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.....MANUFACTURERS OF.....

Clear Havana Cigars



Finest Quality and Workmanship.

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NEW YORK.


VOLUME VII.

NUMBER 3.

The Smoker's Magazine

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OH! THIS
IS GREAT!
THIS
CREMO
THE
BEST **5 CENT**
CIGAR

ACKER, MERRALL
& CONDIT,
and
METROPOLITAN
TOBACCO CO.,
N. Y.

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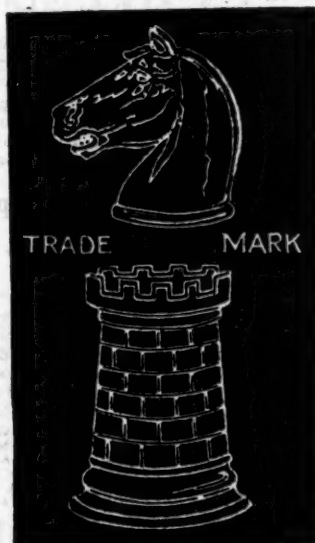
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Manufacturers of

Vuelta Abajo Habana Cigars

Exclusively.

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New York.



"ALWAYS AS FINE AS TOBACCO GROWS."



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HIGH-GRADE
Cigars,
10 COMFORT ST.,
Goldton, Cal.

EXACT SIZE 1-4 X 1-10 INCHES.

YOUR NAME ON

1000 GUMMED FREE LABELS

With a Year's Subscription to

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HOW
THEY
LOOK**



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DEALER IN
FINE CIGARS
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Showing the exact size of Gummed Labels, 1000 of which are given with each subscription at \$1.00 per year.

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A Year's Subscription to The Smoker's Magazine with	1,000 Gummed Labels, \$1.00		
	3,000	"	2.00
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The less reading a label contains the better it will look. Write plainly, giving full address and order to-day.

**THE SMOKER'S
MAGAZINE CO.,**
TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK.

WE REFER TO ALL COMMERCIAL AGENCIES, AND BANKS AND EXPRESS COMPANIES IN NEW YORK.

SEND POSTAL FOR SAMPLE LABELS—THEY'RE FREE.

The Only Magazine Issued Solely in the Interests of the Retailer and His Customers.

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We solicit the subscription of every intelligent cigarman in the land.

May we not have yours? Read What Others Say.

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CIGARS
AND
TOBACCO,
Blissville, Me.

H. C. WILD & CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

"Your valuable suggestions on window dressing doubled our sales last week,"

PETERSON

"The best investment I ever made," LOUIS SMIES, CRIPPLE CREEK, COL.

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"We got stuck on it and consider it a bargain," BROS., BUFFALO, N. Y.

And hundreds of others from all classes of cigar-men.

ANDY SMART'S
Smoke Shop,
17 Prosperity Ave.,
COR. PLEASANT ST.
DOLLARSTOWN, U. S.

Please mention THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE to advertisers.

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(The line above is the style and size of letters in the set.)

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The exact size is 3x8x1 1/4 inches. Weight nearly 10 oz.

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IT IS INDISPENSABLE

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*Do it,
now.*

Every man can realize the **great value** of this offer, and should take advantage of it **at once**. Don't delay—send your order to-day—**NOW IS THE TIME**.

The Smoker's Magazine Co.,
TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK.
AGENTS WANTED.

We refer to all Commercial Agencies, Banks and Express Companies in New York City.



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Please send us Postal or Express Order, New York Draft or a.c. stamps in registered letter for \$1.25 and your subscription for one year will be entered and a sign marker sent you promptly. Make local checks for \$1.25—they cost us 10c. for collection. Stamps or money in unregistered letters at sender's risk. This offer is open to old subscribers as well as new—send in your order and have your subscription extended one year.

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—LIMITED—

The Havana Cigar and Tobacco Factories, Limited.

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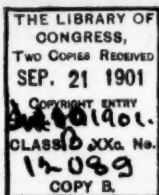
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Cable Address: "CLAYBOCK," New York.

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HAVANA OFFICE, 9½ O'REILLY STREET.



THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE

∴ The only Monthly Magazine issued solely in the ∴
∴ interests of the Smoker and Tobacconist..... ∴

VOL. VII.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER. 1901.

NO. 3.

WINDOW DRESSING AND STORE ADVERTISING.



MOST remarkable change in all forms of successful advertising is that whereby the flamboyant and exaggerated have given place to the direct and matter of fact. It is only the extremely rural or inexperienced advertiser who deals in sweeping generalities and vague offers of tremendous bargains on paper only. The public want no long story, and palpable misstatement is looked upon as an advertisement in the popular sense merely, like fake puffs of third-rate vaudeville "stars," and not as a serious statement of facts.

It is well understood now by any keen business man who follows his advertisements with as relentless detail as he does his office expenses, that advertising in one form or another has become a science; that people look for it, depend upon it for information and will, in time, go to the man who is before the public with his proposition. His representations will be accepted and acted upon in good faith and if they deceive so much the worse for the advertiser.

Pre-eminently it is a business age;

things are refined down to a strictly material basis. The public does not mind reading rot if that is what they paid for, but they don't want it in advertisements. They buy very largely now as a result of reading what is offered, and when they start out to do their part they do not want to be fooled.

Window dressing and the arrangement of the store itself are, for the tobacconist, the most concrete forms of advertising. There you have the thing itself; not a written description or billboard display. They do their own talking. No newspaper column or magazine page; no electric device or fence decoration acts as a medium between the store and the buyer. They are to the majority of cigarmen what the newspaper, the magazine, the poster, and the innumerable devices used to attract trade are to the general merchant or manufacturer who takes care to keep in touch with the purchaser.

Instead of paying a man to write advertisements or an artist (?) to produce startling effects in color on near or remote barns and rocky ledges, he attempts to put all this in the trimming of a window with its clear cut announcement and the arrangement of

goods and general appearance and condition of the shop itself. He gets back to first principles and that which is the final test—what you have to sell and the place where it is sold; the quality of this and the manner of its arrangement determine your trade and your success.

It is impossible then to overlook these things and expect to lead in business or even keep up. Business does not seek the individual; it must be sought and often with sweat and much painstaking. England got to thinking that the world's trade must seek her. She had experienced a century of commercial supremacy, and prosperity had caused her merchants to grow stiff and her methods to become slightly antiquated. Only slightly too—they answered the purpose and would still do; but a pushful rival from across the sea made goods too, and was determined to sell them. Newer and better methods, goods equally as satisfactory, promptness, readiness to meet the wishes of customers, enterprise; these have done the work—the biggest work in the history of commerce, and to-day the bold American holds undisputed first place among the world's commercial nations and England is beginning to ask how it all happened.

This is the history of many business houses once leaders in trade. They were satisfied to do business according to old methods—and they are representative now of only obsolescence and past glory. It may not be dignified to hurry in order to catch a train, but if you want that train your dignity must take the consequences, for time and trains wait for no man.

The modern business seeker—hustler as he is called (and it conveys the idea better than Johnsonian phrases)—is not ponderously dignified; it is not a part of his profession. While the man of nice etiquette and strict formula is waiting an audience the re-

sourceful hustler, unceremoniously pushes in and gets the order. It may be an ideal way of doing business, but there is never much sympathy for the man who is left. The point is—get the order. Success is not inclined to deal severely with that which made success possible.

The holiday man is now returning home to seek rest and go to work again. Meet him with a place which will make him glad to see the familiar stand again and think there is no store like your store for a smoker. There is nothing better than a little homemade cordiality and a shop which reflects it in every suggestion. Try it—it will pay you.

A window trimmed to suit the season, with grain in straw and corn in ear—the backbone of prosperity—and other evidences of the harvest yield, is a wholesome and eye relieving sight. It is refreshing to the man born under the shadow of tall houses, while to him who has passed his youth where "keep off the grass" is unknown, it is a reminder of the days when he was younger and knew a great deal more than he ever will again. Such a card as the following is suggested as appropriate with such a display:

Peace and Plenty

**We have the Pipe of Peace
to go with your Plenty.**

The eternal evidence of your particular business need not forever be thrust forward to make the public understand you are a tobacconist and not a farmer.

Beautiful are the woods in Autumn. The brilliant coloring burnt into maple leaves show a "brand" of scarlet which will make a painter's art look sick and

discount the most elaborate skill of the professional decorator. If you are in the way of obtaining half a dozen branches from a stray maple place them about the shop window in decently artistic form. For a few days at least appreciative eyes will render tribute to a touch of the real thing. A card to accompany a display of this kind could read with effect thus:

Autumn Leaves

(NON-SMOKABLE)

BUTT

WE HAVE A CUBAN KIND
WHICH IS A REGULAR

Oughtem Smoke

Skillful window dressing does not necessarily consist in stuffing the space until it looks as if suffering from a fit of indigestion or even in the practice of providing ghastly skulls or other lugubrious specimens of a similarly depressing nature. There are enough death heads in life without exhibiting grave yard relics.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"There's one thing about my husband I never could understand."

Mrs. Yeast—"And what's that?"

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"Why, when he comes home late he can't find the key-hole; but when he gets inside, from the noise he makes, he seems to find everything in the room."—Yonkers Statesman.

Bertha—"I'm sorry you asked me to marry you. It pains me to refuse.

Will (cheerfully)—"Oh, don't worry. Perhaps you know best what I'm escaping."—Tit-Bits.

Nearly every man is familiar with a note of hand—some altogether too familiar. The form of one skillfully written, following the regulation style and duly signed by the proprietor, should attract more than ordinary interest on the part of the passing public. One follows:

CIGARVILLE, NEW YORK.

ON DEMAND, for value received, we promise
to give John Doe at our counter

ONE GOOD SMOKE.

There is nothing like the sight of money, or its equivalent, to attract, and a note means money—sometimes.

The old stock formula "money refunded" has long ago lost its real significance. People who come back looking after their money usually find trouble instead. An inducement along

the same line is suggested which is equally as forceful and certainly less dangerous. It may appear as a card attached to a certain brand of goods or apply to everything in stock.

**If goods are
NOT SATISFACTORY
when smoked
RETURN THEM
and get your money back—
IF YOU CAN.**

The percentage of returned smokes will not be difficult to take care of.

A very much up-to-date magazine owner has been giving his own opinion of his own magazine by writing a sort of face indorsement across the front page. It is not the most modest thing in the world to do in the case of a magazine, but the owner is not noted for extreme humility in the matter of his own business, anyway. In the case of a store window the idea is not so bad, and is certainly not smacking of vulgarity. Its adoption would necessitate a thoroughly artistic window, and that is no mean attraction, even without notice. The indorsement could simply appear:

**A Well Dressed
Window
WE THINK SO, DON'T YOU?**

"Dress does not make a man, but it often makes a successful one," applies to a store every time. The great Jew Prime Minister was something of a judge, and could doubtless have turned his hand to the decorating of a window with as much success as he exhibited in another sphere of influence.

Bargain hunters are a constantly increasing factor in the purchasing world, and they are not by any means confined to the supposedly gentle sex. A sharp notice showing any sort of a genuine bargain meets with quick returns, because the passing crowd, whether in a rush or not, always has an eye out for such. An announcement of some special feature is sure to stimulate demand, and it requires but very little ingenuity to prepare one six days in the week with an extra one for the seventh if necessary. A dull window means a dull trade, and as sure as a crow has black wings, a pleasing, oft-changed and lively window brings its reward in increased public interest and more diverse patronage. Such small notices for instance as:

**Don't
"FALL DOWN,"
but
FALL IN LINE
For bargains offered.**

accompanied by price cards will do good work at small pay and board themselves. The pedestrian stops, takes a look and says to himself "that's cheap enough." He drops in there and then and comes out a customer. The ordinary citizen has a mighty keen appreciation of good effect in window dressing, and a tangible way of showing it. He buys.

For the next few weeks yachts and the cup and coming struggle will be of more general interest and more widely discussed than any other topic of the day. A half a century's residence in this country the cup has become somewhat of a fixture, and nobody worries over its being "lifted," but the great tea merchant's advertisement, nevertheless, will occupy newspaper space, and the public curiosity until he is once more sent back home with kind words and a "come again." Advantage should be taken in advertising of every interesting local incident, and particularly of one likely to command so much public attention. Good pictures of the yachts will appear by the dozen, and a "sea view" properly arranged with a dashing cut of the yachts showing up in the foreground will secure its share of public admiration. Flags are always in order, and an excellent opportunity is afforded in this connection to use them. If you want to show up a particular brand of your goods, select a box, place it between the yachts, and exhibit over it a card with some such phrase as

PICK THE WINNER

Your cigars will be in good company, and cigars, like men, are judged somewhat by the company they keep.

In spite of the Horton law and other marks of official disfavor the great American public take a pretty lively interest in a contest between two masters of the art of scientific scrapping, and are perfectly familiar with all the technical terms employed in the phraseology of fisticuffs. Indeed, the latest champion enjoys about as much hero-worship and hard cash for the work he does as any ordinarily ambitious man wants. The tobacconist's store has its full share in the discussion of the noble art as practised by its

greatest exponents from bantam to heavy weight, and a card having reference to some of the terms used to denominate particular "brands" of these modern fighting machines would not be far away as an attraction to more than the openly professing disciple of the science.

Bantam Weight Prices

VERSUS

Heavy Weight Goods

If the originator of the card can do a little freehand work himself (with the pencil) he could embellish the card with a pose or two illustrating the solar plexus or some other equally interesting and historical position.

All the way up from the far Fiji Islands there comes the story of an English seller of tobacco who was not an enthusiastic admirer of societies which have for their object the sending out of raw religious bigots to convert the "heathen" (so called). In these islands the missionary has been known to do service at dinner—served instead of serving—and this the tobacconist evidently had in mind when he got out his card. It read:

Sad Story of a Missionary

Died from excessive smoking

It might be only a friendly warning to those given to over-indulgence in the use of tobacco, but a nervous missionary arrival might be pardoned for not interpreting it in that way.

THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE IS \$1.

Tobacco and Its Substitutes.

It takes something of a professional nowadays to know whether he is buying genuine tobacco or one of the skillfully prepared substitutes for, or imitations of it. Recent applications for patents disclose the fact that the entire vegetable kingdom is being ransacked for material to take the place of nicotine in cigars, plug for chewing and fuel for the pipe. There is hardly a familiar herb whose leaves are not called into requisition. It is no idle tale that the potato, the beet, the cabbage and turnip help out the commercial supply of the weed. For the preparation of these plants and the imitative doctoring of them there are innumerable ingenious processes.

A preparation extensively used now, and which resembles an ordinary plug of tobacco, is made of gentian root, prickly ash bark, sassafras bark, and extract of licorice. Tons of it are chewed, and the chewers would be astonished and even indignant, if told they were not chewing tobacco at all. There are other substitutes such as cocoa leaves and bay leaves, which are largely used. One of the most peculiar substitutes has been patented by a woman. She manufactures cigars of eucalyptus leaves, and the inventor says that they have a clean, pleasant flavor. This woman inventor is prolific of ideas and claims for her cigars that they can be ground up for snuff, powdered into a tooth paste, and with suitable fats made into candles and soaps. Substitutes themselves are not nearly so dangerous as imitations which are sold as tobacco. These are widely advertised under high sounding names as the sweetest of plug, and many of them are nothing more than flavored hay, coffee mixed with thyme and cinnamon, and one is simply a mixture of tea leaves and honey with a small quantity of tobacco added.

A cigar extensively smoked is made of sunflower leaves. The flowers are cut just as the seeds are ripening.

There is one preparation for which the claim is made that it destroys the taste for tobacco. A mixture is prepared consisting of alcohol, rum, oil of apple, tonka bean and laudanum. This is put up in stone jars and kept tightly corked for a month. It is then ready for use. An ordinary cigar is taken and the end to be lighted is dipped in this liquor. This cigar, when it is smoked, is supposed to have a peculiar flavor which will at first be especially agreeable to the taste, but which will in time produce a nausea that will destroy a smoker's taste for tobacco and so break the habit in him.

About the only result from this sort of a smoke or chew is to give the smoker the dopes, and after he gets over this, he goes back to smoking tobacco again. For tobacco there is but one real substitute—tobacco.

Recent Incorporations.

THE Cabinet Cigar Co., Washington, D. C. \$100,000.

The International Cigar Co., Pierre, S. D. \$5,000,000.

Patent Tobacco Sample Binder Co., New York. \$10,000.

Gynn Henriquez Stevenson Cigar Co., Camden, N. J. \$100,000.

The Cuban Co-operative Cigar Co., St. Paul, Minn. \$5,000.

The Neudecker Tobacco Co., Baltimore, Md. \$300,000.

The Schoyer-Gerstle Mercantile Co., Denver, Col. \$35,000.

The United States Retailers and Consumers Cigar and Tobacco Co., N. Y. \$50,000.

The Pan-American Midway Cigar Co., Buffalo, N. Y. \$15,000.

The Stevenson Cigar Co., New Jersey. \$100,000.

Fernandez Hermanos & Co., New York. \$30,000.

The Havana-American Tobacco Co., New York. \$2,500.

The W. F. McMasters Cigar Mfg. Co., Joliet, Ill. \$2,500.

The W. L. Petty Co., Rocky Mount, N. C. \$100,000.

The Frisch Cigar Store Co., New York. \$1,000,000.

The Lopez-Grau Co., New York. \$25,000.

The New York and Key West Cigar Co., New York. \$25,000.

The Tiger Cigar Store, Baltimore, Md. \$500.

The Empire Cigar & Tobacco Co., Chicago, Ill., name changed to Porto Rico Export Co.

The Central Cigar Co., Jackson, Mich. \$5,000.

The W. C. Thomas Tobacco Co., Kinston, N. C. \$4,100.

The Seidenberg Co., New York. \$200,000.

The Connecticut Valley Tobacco Co., Rutherford, N. J. \$25,000.

The M. Montoto Cigar Co., Camden, N. J. \$50,000.

The Gem City Tobacco Co., Quincy, Ill. \$1,000.

The Superia Cigar Manufacturing Co., Detroit, Mich. \$6,000.

The Reymer Bros.' Cigar Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. \$10,000.

The Bacco Manufacturing Co., Springfield, Ill. \$5,000.

New York Theatres.

WITH one or two notable exceptions—that wonderfully elastic attraction "Florodora" and the always entertaining Proctor's—amusement houses have been on a long vacation and September's brilliant theatre lights and gay crowds are welcome sights on Broadway. Proctor's Fifth Avenue theatre has been crowded all summer and from now on you will claim a seat early or brace for "standing room only." The management have made elaborate plans to give the public a wide and varied programme embracing the revival of celebrated comedies and society dramas with vaudeville interspersed; and with a stock company of 150 members following out a comprehensive scheme of touring the half

dozen branches under control from 23d to 125th St., an immense number of patrons will be provided with a full season's first-rate entertainment.

At the Empire John Drew has most auspiciously begun his tenth New York season in "The Second in Command."

"Are You a Mason?" is still the popular question at the Garrick.

"Rogers Brothers in Washington" delights crowds at the Knickerbocker.

The Grand Opera House had for its ambitious opening Sardou's "Theodora."

William Faversham adds to his popularity and the Criterion receipts in "A Royal Rival."

"The Mormon Wife" at the Fourteenth St. Theatre is finishing up a very successful run.

Hammerstein's Paradise Gardens as a successful vaudeville performance still continues.

"Arizona" is a crowd getter at the Academy of Music.

Andrew Mack plays the genial "Tom Moore" at the Herald Square theatre.

"Florodora" at the Casino continues its now monotonous record breaking performances.

Keith's Union Square theatre presents as usual an excellent vaudeville bill.

Ouida's "Under Two Flags," under different dramatizations, is playing both at Murray Hill and the American Theatre.

The Strakosh Opera Co. is playing at Hurtig and Seamon's.

"Don Caesar's Return," another version of "Don Caesar De Bazan," is on at Wallack's, with James K. Hackett as the interesting tattered Spanish Grandee.

Another Weber & Fields' success is "Hoity Toity"—looks like a big winner.

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THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE

THE ONLY MONTHLY MAGAZINE ISSUED
SOLELY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE
SMOKER AND TOBACCONIST.....

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EASTON SHAW, Editor.

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1901.

The cigar store slot machine is up against the Police.

Paper wrapped cigarettes seem to be in for a slight attack of "innocuous desuetude," judging by last year's manufacturing returns.

Tampa has a new cure for the strike fever—give the leaders a free trip—willy nilly.

Essays on "Why I don't smoke," as written in Chicago, are full of wisdom, and what is rarer—truth; one youth's reason for giving up cigarettes was that they hurt him—besides the dealer stopped the pictures.

Next to the born fool comes the

practical joker. His usefulness in the cigar line is about to be checked by authority. A few actions for damages against the manufacturers of loaded smokes like that lately brought by a Brooklyn barber, who lost a finger through a cigarette exploding in his hand, will also have a restraining effect.

Commissioner Yerkes of the Internal Revenue department has decided that there is "nothing doing" in the matter of tax rebates on cigarettes under the act of March 2, 1901.

Australia has a Tobacco Journal, the first of its kind in the big and newly confederated Colony.

The editor of "The Weed" is going to get married shortly, but it shouldn't be mentioned in the "breaks" column of that esteemed journal, where it recently appeared.

Already across the land is felt the stimulating breath of September, which stirs the pulses of trade and gives elasticity to the step of the shopman. In tobacco circles it is confidently stated that there never was a better outlook for a sweeping Fall business. Why not?

So swift and radical are changes being made on upper Broadway that to-day a tobacconist is and to-morrow is cast into the street to find a cover elsewhere. As usual they are making the most of their opportunities, and when lines are once more adjusted in that neighborhood somebody will be selling cigars. It is a great locality in a great street in the greatest city.

Cuba next. Her merchants want either lower tobacco duties or annexation. The family is growing. Porto Rico should have been twins anyway.

September should show up well for the tobacconist. Holiday traders are returning and want to light up afresh. In how much better position are you to meet their wants than you were a year ago?

The cigar business is not for the novice who thinks it easy to sell two for a quarter and thereby make a comfortable living. Soft snaps are not for sale. The successful cigarman walks the earth and doesn't scale the sky.

It is a favorite time of the year to start a new business, but the step should be well considered. If you have an itching to go into the cigar trade better learn it first at the expense of some one else. Thorough knowledge of your trade is a dead sure asset; it is better than old stock and invoices.

The Japanese Government sent to America and hired a tobacco expert to go out and teach the Americans of the East how to raise tobacco. Now the Australian Government, which already has one American expert, is after another. They believe, if you don't know a thing, the next best thing is to get the knowledge, and from the best sources. Right again.

Does a small crop at a good price compensate for the lack of a big crop at any price? Corn cakes are going to come high this year, and tobacco raisers are not obliged to hunt round long for a purchaser for their crop.

Lady smokers are now said to be discussing the extremely interesting and important question of what style of cigars shall be favored this Fall, and what fashionable shade in cigarettes is likely to prevail. Nile brown has been the rage, but Turkey red seems to be favored for Autumn tints. Old gold tips still retain their hold. In chewing tobacco black with a touch of white—

for debutantes—still holds the public taste.

We offer a good and straight business proposition to the progressive tobacconist who wants to add to his stock and store every means legitimately calculated to increase his business, please his customers, and retain his hold on the public's patronage. It is a trial order of a one dollar investment in this Magazine. If your business is growing as rapidly in proportion as the Magazine is in influence you need not worry. It's a purely reciprocal arrangement. It means a lone dollar to us; the equivalent of many dollars is yours every month, and its cash influence does not stop even then. Come in, please.

It is a curious and altogether unnatural feature of geographical trade conditions that this country does not do more business with our next door neighbor, Canada. The tobacco trade improved last year, and it will surprise many that Canada's trade in that line with the Philippines is greater than that of the United States, with her own colony. Where the United States manufactures between six and seven billion cigars yearly, it does seem as if it should be possible to export vastly more than are exported now. The trade balance comes from exports.

The slump in the manufacture of cigarettes last year is startling. The increase in cigars on the other hand was hardly less striking, and the fact seems to indicate that the country runs to cigars or their pale image, cigarettes, according as the pulse of prosperity beats. Agitation against the cigarette may have had a sentimental effect, but it is not sufficient to account for so enormous a decrease in one and increase in the other. And if for no other reason, long may prosperity continue. Cigarettes, Turkish (so called) or otherwise, are to cigars as white-wash to paint.

Small retail cigar stands in Los Angeles, Cal., see many changes during the year. The wise man from the East goes out and buys a store with the expectation of settling down to a comfortable living. In about three months he is ready to dispose of his "living" and so unloads on the next Eastern sucker who comes along anxious to grow up with the country. The procession never ends, and the Eastern marks always acquire the experience—for a cash consideration.

Queries Answered Department.

QUERIES will be answered in this Department for our readers, whether their names are on our subscription list or not, and we desire all to bear in mind that this service is entirely free of charge. Make as liberal use of the privilege as you wish. All communications will have prompt attention. The answers will be forwarded by mail provided a two-cent stamp or a postal card is sent for that purpose.

L. M.—You are respectfully referred to the answer to "A. S.," which appeared in the August issue of this Magazine.

W. G.—We have mailed you the addresses of wholesale pipe manufacturers, any of which will be able to supply your wants satisfactorily.

R. H.—Cigar Factory No. 108, 3d District of New York, is owned and operated by Simon Klein, 201 East 3d St., New York. (2) Max Rosen is the proprietor of Cigar Factory No. 1772, 3d District of New York, located at 510 East 119th St., New York.

P. M.—You have recourse against the party named. Filling cigar boxes in the way you describe is an indictable offence.

M. L.—Batt, Gunst & Esberg are the proprietors of Cigar Factory No. 243, 2d District of New York. They are the manufacturers of La Verdad brands.

H. T. J.—Henry of Navarre cigars are manufactured at factory No. 419, which is owned and operated by M. H. Yracheta in the 2d District of New York.

Red Register Bureau.

WE desire to notify the trade that we have unsurpassed facilities for Registering Trade-Marks for Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobacco, etc., and guarantee efficient and superior service in every particular.

Fee for Registration, including Sealed Certificate \$1.00
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NEW YORK.

TITLES REGISTERED.

BOOLA BOOLA. No. 17,288. Registered July 16, 1901, 3:50 P. M., for *Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobacco.* W. W. Hardy & Co., New Haven, Conn.

KOPONA. No. 17,289. Registered July 19, 1901, 7:45 A. M., for *Cigarettes and Tobacco.* M. Schlen-singer, Worcester, Mass.

HOLE IN THE CORNER. No. 17,290. Registered July 22, 1901, 7:45 A. M., for *Cigars.* H. Fondiller, New York.

MURET. No. 17,291. Registered August 26, 1901, 8:00 A. M., for *Cigars.* Henry Mayer & Sons, Galesburg, Ill.

TITLES REJECTED.

Royal Arcanum, V. M. C, 1105 Lincoln, Half a King, Merchant King, Mark Time, Oriental Queen, Isle Royale, Prospero, Nell Gwynn, Venus, Mephisto, Its a Smoke, Green Frog, King Henry, Consort, Bridegroom, Jumper, Referee, Garland, Button, Push, Puck, Continental, Oro, Inez, Ram's Horn, Tenor, Marcus Daly, Daisy, Turks, Turkish Buds, Light Ship, Sweet Marie.

Why are the most successful tobacconists in the trade subscribers to THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE? Why?

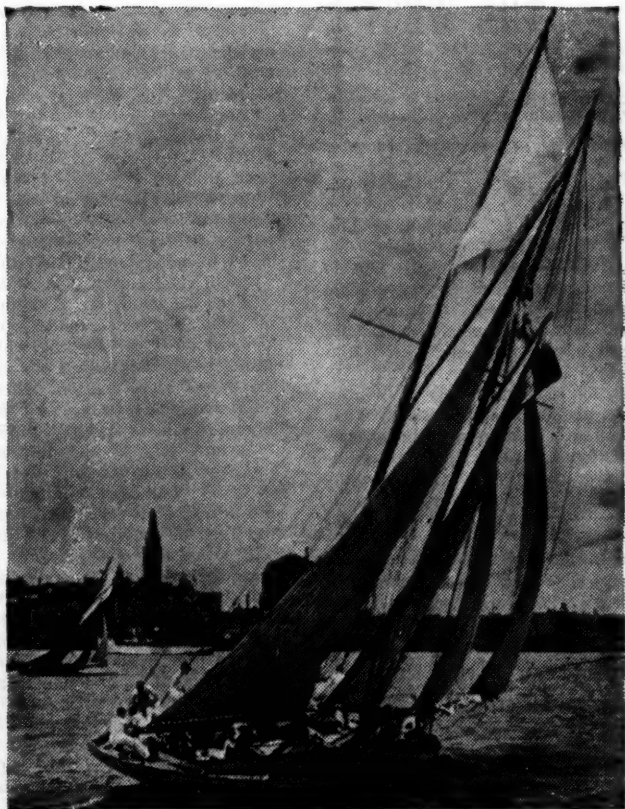


Photo by Mellen, Chicago.

YACHTING OFF CHICAGO'S LAKE FRONT.

Yachting on the great lakes is having a boom this year, probably on account of the increased interest due to the coming races for the America's cup. Some speedy craft are owned by Chicago's yachtsmen, and about this time of year many exciting contests may be witnessed on the lower end of Lake Michigan.

GAYLORD OF THE WEST

By Elia W. Peattie.

Copyright, 1901, by Elia W. Peattie.

HE came out of the west, but that was the only respect in which he resembled Lochinvar. Indeed the points of dissimilarity were noticeable. He had no fair Ellen. His steed, a knotty little mountain animal, was far from being the best on all the wide border, and, naturally, he did not bring it with him to Chicago.

What he did bring was a bulging pocketbook. Not knowing exactly what to do with the contents, he bought an astonishing amount of gay summer linen and scandalized a discreet neighborhood by sending quantities of American Beauties to Mrs. Haddon Worcester, whom he had met out at Denver and whose husband had interests identical with his own in certain mining ventures. Mrs. Worcester was somewhat annoyed by these attentions; but, understanding that they were only a part of the habitual exuberance by which Thaddeus Gaylord was distinguished, she accepted them with patience.

He even insisted that she should lunch with him at his hotel, and she consented, but just as she was leaving her house to keep this appointment a young woman alighted from a cab, satchel and guitar case in hand, and presented herself at Mrs. Worcester's door.

"Why, Heth Lowman!" cried Mrs. Worcester, kissing the quiet little face of the girl. "I thought you were not due for a week yet. Surely you said commencement day was the 1st of June."

"I was too tired to wait for commencement," said the girl. "Besides—well—there wasn't anybody to see me, you know—and all the other girls had their people coming to commencement. Father couldn't get away. And it's a

long way from Denver to Poughkeepsie, isn't it? I hadn't any graduating frock, either, and I didn't know what to get. And—oh, I don't know! But I just thought I would come and see you."

"You're as welcome as you can be, my dear, and you look just like your mother, which makes you even more welcome."

"But I must tell you why I have my hat on. I'm invited to luncheon with a gentleman from your own town, from Denver, who is a friend of Mr. Worcester's. My friend will be delighted to have you come with me."

Half an hour later Thaddeus Gaylord took her pliable little hand in his.

"I call this kind of Mrs. Worcester," said he. "I count myself complimented! Mrs. Worcester, madam, you have honored me." He led the way to the dining room, talking all the way, and the ladies were seated where they could overlook the lake, at a table half hidden in violets and pink roses.

Gaylord was of uncertain age. He appeared to be a man who would never grow old. His dark red hair was wiry and intractable. His eyes were blue and full of frankness. His mustache was so voluminous, so long and so generally reckless in its appearance that it seemed like the caricature of a mustache. His white hands had certain protuberances on them which indicated that he knew the shovel and pick—but that's no shame to a miner, as he would have explained—and his skin, naturally tender and sensitive, bore marks of exposure. As for his clothes, they were quite impossible. But Miss Lowman did not know that, and Mrs. Haddon Worcester did not care. She was too correct herself to be more than amused at incorrectness.

The luncheon was quite wonderful, even for that hostelry, and the conversation was so interesting that a number of listeners made a feint of lingering over their dessert to hear as much of it as possible.

After luncheon Gaylord called for the best rig in the establishment. But no sooner had he laid his eyes upon it than his jocund spirit appeared to undergo some transformation.

"That hearse," said he to the attendant, "is intended for me, is it?"

"Yes, sir. It is quite the most correct

thing we have, sir."

"Mr. Reynolds," said Gaylord to the clerk, "I asked you for a rig to take two ladies riding. I didn't ask you for a hearse, sir. I'm not one of the mourners! No, nor the corpse, dashed if I am! Get me a wagon, sir—a road cart—something yellow."

A few minutes later Gaylord was driving two bright chestnuts up the Lake Shore drive before a yellow road cart, and every time the chestnuts lifted their dainty legs there was a clanking of brazen chains.

"Now this," said Gaylord, fairly unfurling his splendid mustache to the wind in the exuberance of his enjoyment, "reminds me of Denver. Now I feel at home!"

Mrs. Worcester, who was meeting her friends, grew a trifle pale. Her western acquaintance was even more startling than she had apprehended. But the grave little Miss Lowman was glowing like a rose. As the excitable animals flew along the perfect boulevard and all eyes were turned in their direction she felt like a Roman empress in a triumphal car and said to herself that she was really seeing life.

After that Gaylord called every day at the Worcesters and saw the ladies. Two bunches of roses came daily to the house now, and the roses for Miss Lowman were invariably white, and sometimes the flowers were not roses at all, but lilies.

Mrs. Worcester did not want to shirk responsibility, but she rather hastened the departure of her guest and explained afterward to Gaylord that she had been summoned by her father, who wanted her at home.

"Why didn't you telegraph me, madam? I'd have gone with her; indeed I would. I would have seen her safe to her journey's end. Who knows what annoyances she may encounter? You ought to have told me, and I can't understand why you didn't."

It is necessary to record the fact that Thaddeus was not known to the fashionable set of Denver, but on his return and upon finding that Miss Heth Lowman had been introduced to society at Mrs. Dexter's afternoon he grew socially ambitious.

He went to Vernon Harcourt Beresford with his difficulty. Mr. Beresford was a peculiar man. The atmosphere of London hung about him. He wore

clothes which were fashionable in the English metropolis, and he gave dinners which would have been popular anywhere. He could play the host like a Sardanapalus, and when any remarkable personage came to town it was taken as a matter of course that he or she should be invited to dine at the Beresfords. His dashing American



"I see you are going to make a good American."

wife, whom he had met at Paris and married at Chamouni, was in perfect keeping with the rest of his accessories. Artists, actors, divines, scientists, foreign nobility, musicians, dancers, jugglers, fanatics, poets and inventors were welcome at Beresford's exquisite drawing room, and such extraordinary folk as he could not with propriety invite to meet his guests he paid to amuse them.

When Gaylord went to the speculator with his troubles, Beresford lent a sympathetic ear.

"I'll bring you out, my boy!" cried Beresford. "I'll give you a chance to make your virgin bow to society at my table, and I'll have people there who will make the rest easy. You ought to shine in Denver society, Gaylord, I'm dashed if you oughtn't. But the first thing you must do, man, is to get your-

self in proper gear."

"You don't like my clothes?"

"Clothes? Do you call those clothes? Gaylord, I hate to tell you, but the truth is you have never dressed in your life. You have merely covered your nakedness. Now, you ought to have a valet."

"Do—do you think so?" asked Gaylord doubtfully. "But we don't raise valets out here. They don't grow in this soil."

"You might send to England for one. I know a man who will send you just the fellow. Here's his address—had a letter from him today."

"I'll cable him," exclaimed Gaylord, suddenly electrified. "I'll do it this minute." And he started for the telegraph room.

"By Jove," said Beresford feebly, looking after his friend and then sinking helplessly into a chair.

Ocean greyhounds are fleet and so are the overland fliers, and in little more than a fortnight Richard Stubbs, a gentleman's gentleman, knocked at Gaylord's door at the Brown palace.

Gaylord shouted to come in, and Richard Stubbs entered.

"How do you do, sir?" said Gaylord, rising. "I haven't the pleasure"—

"Richard Stubbs, sir, of London, at your service—the man you sent for, sir."

"Man I sent— Oh, yes, yes! Glad to meet you, sir; glad to meet you! I hope you had a pleasant voyage." He held out a welcoming hand and greeted the Englishman as if they were reunited brothers.

"Thank you kindly, sir. The voyage was rough."

"How do you like America?" asked Gaylord, trying to help the man off with his overcoat.

"Thank you, sir, but I've seen but little of it yet." The man stood respectfully, with his coat over his arm.

"Put down your things," commanded Gaylord. "Sit down, man, sit down. I'm glad to see you. What will you have?"

"Have, sir?"

"To drink, I mean. A brandy and soda? Just name the stuff—whatever you please."

"Since you are so kind, sir, I think I'd like to try one of your American drinks. I wish to become accustomed to your tastes, sir."

"Now, that's nice of you, Mr. Stubbs," cried Gaylord, striking him cordially on the back. "I see you are going to make a good American. I've always said that Englishmen made the best Americans. I hope to see you taking out your naturalization papers soon."

The drink came. Stubbs quaffed it with evident relish and asked for its name.

"That's a local compound," explained Gaylord. "The barkeep down stairs invented it. Great, isn't it, Mr. Stubbs?"

"Stubbs, sir, if you please."

"Thank you, Stubbs. I like to be informal myself."

There was a pause. Stubbs finally said:

"I'm ready to begin my duties, sir. If you will kindly tell me my room, I'll have my boxes taken up. And as you may be going out presently, sir, perhaps you will be kind enough to show me where I will find your wardrobe. Or you may wish me to attire you for luncheon, sir?"

Gaylord, who had been glancing over the paper for the last few seconds, looked up in something akin to consternation.

"Attire me for luncheon! Why, dash it, man, I've got the only clothes I have on my back—except that old diagonal suit for Sundays. Wardrobe! Merciful powers! Wardrobe! My wardrobe, Stubbs, is in the closet. It consists of pyjamas and a bathrobe."

"May I ask you, sir, under those circumstances, what my duties are to be, and—begging your pardon—why you sent for me, sir?"

Gaylord stared a moment at the valet and then went over to him and good humoredly pushed him into a chair.

"See here, Stubbs," said he, "I'm going to be frank with you. I'm a miner. I've made my pile. I've traveled 100 miles to every one of yours. I've known cold and hunger and rough lying of all sorts. But now that's over. I've two of the richest silver mines in the state. I'm at a place where I can enjoy life, and I've earned my right to do it. I've got to stand on my own merits as a man, but I think I'd look better to the world in general if I had a tailor. Now, I want you to rub me

down, so to speak, and send me out well groomed. In short, array me like Solomon. I'll place a bank account at your disposal, and I want you to do the right thing. In the meantime ring that bell, please. When the boy comes, go with him and pick out a room to suit you. Make yourself comfortable. You've come half around the world to oblige me, and I want you to feel at home. If you serve me well, Stubbs, you will never regret it, and here's my hand on it! And don't mind my American ways."

Stubbs regarded him with a pair of honest bovine eyes for a moment. Then the man in him rose to meet the man in Gaylord, and they shook hands vigorously in sign of compact. This ceremony over, Stubbs became instantly the valet and was never for an instant afterward anything else.

A week after this Vernon Harcourt Beresford gave a dinner, and the guest of honor was Thaddeus Gaylord, who, in the most conventional attire, told vociferous stories with a gusto all his own. There were any number of people present, who were glad to make the acquaintance of a good story teller, because they gave dinners themselves, and when the evening was over the new aspirant for social favors found himself in the possession of a number of pleasing invitations. He went home exultant. It was now only a matter of a few days before he could meet Miss Lowman on an equal footing. Gaylord pushed his business interests excitedly. For the first time his knowledge of his wealth, present and to come, filled him with joy. He entered with avidity into his new pleasures. Stubbs had made him the best dressed man in Denver, Beresford not excepted, and almost before the week was out Gaylord had won the reputation of being brilliant, though Mrs. Drexel, who had a sharp tongue, gave out the subtle suggestion that he was merely vociferous.

The first time Gaylord met Miss Lowman was at a dancing party given by Mrs. Thurlow Green. Miss Lowman wore a severe frock of white, out of which arose her girlish neck, delicate as alabaster. Her face still bore a look of innocent hauteur, and her sweet voice was tuned to a minor key. The young gentlemen of Denver had already dubbed her the ice maiden, but

Mr. Thaddeus Gaylord was a Chinook wind, as he himself might have said had he undertaken a simile, and her frigidity did not even arrest his attention. He had danced till morning many a time in the mining camps, and he knew his steps perfectly well. Miss Lowman had the feet and the airy motions of a fay, and in the embrace of the strapping mountaineer, depending upon his strength and magnificent momentum, the pair swept all things before them and had the right of way wherever they went.

The next day Gaylord called. The next day after that he sent flowers. When he met her at dinner at Mrs. Drexel's, she was wearing some of them in her drab hair. After that he always sent flowers—every day. Her father might well have inquired into this devotion had it been her father's nature to inquire into anything. But he was a distraught sort of man, who appeared to speculate absentmindedly and who seemed vaguely and largely successful. His interests were reported to be very great. It was commonly thought his investments in the east furnished the base of his income. But he was uncommunicative and dour and confided in none. His business apartments were furnished in mahogany and bronzes, and that was rather convincing to Denver, for Denver is still young and credulous. It was said everywhere in the city that Heth Lowman was an heiress and the daughter of a millionaire, but they speak that word glibly out there.

Stubbs saw the photograph of a girl on his patron's dressing table and drew his own conclusion, especially after he found it one morning under his gentleman's pillow. In course of time a delicately painted miniature replaced the photograph. Stubbs was able to observe certain marked changes in his patron also. When he

had first entered into Mr. Gaylord's life—if it is correct to speak in terms so emotional concerning the association of a man and his valet—Gaylord had writhed under his ministrations. Now he sat like a lamb while Stubbs arrayed him and had even, to his valet's secret delight, sharply reprimanded him for lack of attention to some small detail. Under this treatment Stubbs began to feel quite at

home, and if he had entertained any secret apprehension about the gentility of his patron they now disappeared.

One day, however, a cloud appeared on Stubbs' horizon. It may or may not have been bigger than a man's hand. Stubbs was not in a position to say, because for some time he paid no attention to it whatever. The first thing he noticed was that every morning Mr. Gaylord was avid for his paper and that he turned to the Washington news and read it feverishly. Later on the valet observed that a strange anxiety lay upon the whole city. Excited groups talked and gesticulated together on the street corners. Men lingered long in the barber shops, haranguing. The hotel rotundas were thronged at night and apparently not for purposes of pleasure. Miners thronged the city by the thousand, fresh from the camps. Bulletins were eagerly read in the clubs and the newspaper windows. The rooms of the Mining Exchange hummed like a hive with men.

One morning the papers printed the news that India had suspended the coinage of silver. That day there were three suicides at Rico and two at Ouray, and perhaps some others elsewhere of which no one took note. The air was electric with presage of disaster. Gaylord ate nothing all day, and that evening he staid in his room, a thing he had not done since he returned from Chicago. About this time Colorado began to make new fashions for itself. Beresford invited his friends to dine with him under the auspices of the sheriff. So they came, all the merry old rounders, and drank good wine under the nose of the sheriff, who drank as much as anybody. In fact, Mrs. Beresford, in her corn colored satin, held aloft an iridescent goblet of twisted glass in her hand and cried, "To the sheriff!" and the company drained the amber liquid to him, while he came in from an anteroom to bow his acknowledgments.

Up in the camps hard luck dinners became the rage. One dinner was given at Rico to which ten penniless men sat down who had been millionaires or well on the way to be such the week before. The food they ate was obtained on credit, and they sent out a telegram asking for passes to Denver,

which they got, for it had been only a month before that they had had the president of the road and 20 other good fellows up to drink champagne and eat venison with them.

The days passed feverishly. Men waited for the final blow. It came. The Sherman act was repealed. The government no longer guaranteed the purchase of silver.

Gaylord came to Stubbs with the old whimsical smile about his face.

"I'm done for," he said. "I'm cleaned out. Stubbs. But there's a lot of



He sat like a lamb while Stubbs arrayed him.

others traveling my road, and I'm not going to feel lonesome. I'm simply going to pack my grip and get out. I've got a little money that I can honestly use, though most of what I have in the bank will have to go to paying off the men at the mines and settling up matters, and I've this to say, Stubbs, to you. If you want to go with me, you may. I brought you over here, and you may share my fortunes to the end if you wish, but I give you fair warning they'll be misfortunes from this time on for awhile. Of course I'll get on my feet again somehow, but I don't know when nor where nor how. I'm used to roughing it, and I don't mind,

at least I wouldn't mind but for one thing, but that's neither here nor there. Now, what will you do? I'm with you, Stubbs. Say your say!"

"Why, sir," said the man, touched by his employer's misfortunes, "there's a very respectable place in a barber's shop that will be open to me, and I'll be better there. I'd be a burden to you, sir, but here I'll be well provided for, and on condition—I beg your pardon, sir, but you'll understand how I mean it—to be of some assistance to you should you need it at any time."

The tears were in Gaylord's eyes in a second.

"No, no, Stubbs. I shan't need your assistance, I hope, but if I do I'll ask for it and be proud to, and there's my hand on it. I don't know yet where I'll go, but there are many reasons why the sooner I get away from here the better."

That night Thaddeus Gaylord left Denver. Stubbs returned to his master's old apartments at the Brown palace and was gathering up such of his trinkets as he had not packed when a nervous little knock at the door arrested him. He opened it to the lady of the miniature.

"He is gone?" she almost whispered. "Mr. Gaylord is really gone?" She held a note in her hand, which Stubbs at once saw was in his departed patron's handwriting.

"He is gone, madam," said Stubbs, bowing profoundly.

She walked back and forth in the room in apparent distress of mind.

"You are his man?" she asked at length, stopping suddenly and facing Stubbs.

"I am, and if I can be of any service to you, pray let me know, ma'am. I'm sure Mr. Gaylord would wish me to do anything in my power—or—or his, ma'am."

"Mr. Gaylord," said the lady, "was—was a friend of mine. He has gone just when I needed him most. I do not know what to do—what to do—what to do!" She wrung her pretty little hands together.

"Won't you tell me what I can do for you, ma'am? There is certainly something!"

"Listen," she said, drawing near the valet and looking at him with dilated eyes. "I have something so terrible to

say that you will hardly believe me! No one knows yet, not a soul. As soon as I found it out I locked the door and came here. I ran all the way. I knew the number of his room, and I came right here, and he is gone. I had a note saying he was going, but I thought I might get here in time. Do you know what has happened? My father"—she took hold of the valet's sleeve, groping for human sympathy—"my poor father has killed himself!"

Stubbs instinctively and respectfully supported her swaying body.

By and by she grew calmer and permitted him to inform the proper persons and to send for her carriage and see her safe home. He sent out telegrams after the departing train on which his patron had gone, but no response came. Gaylord himself had had no idea of his destination. He did not know when he left whether he would stop in the mountains after he crossed the divide or go on to the Pacific coast or still farther to Honolulu.

The death of George Lowman attracted but little attention. When the news of his insolvency and his suicide went abroad, people simply concluded that they had overestimated his wealth and had been mistaken as to the source from which it came.

His daughter's existence was unknown to many of those who had an acquaintance with her father, for it was but a few weeks since she came to the city. The women who had taken it upon themselves to introduce her and to show her courtesies were kind now and visited her and invited her to their houses and sent flowers.

The poor child turned toward them a white face of refusal and shut her doors on all the world. She dismissed the servants the next morning and bent herself to the task of looking after her father's affairs. She gave the whole thing over finally into the hands of his attorneys and quitted the place at twilight, when none might see her, with no attendant save the faithful Stubbs.

He had sent her trunks to a quiet place in the suburbs, where the mountains looked down on a grass grown table land and white streets, irrigating ditches and clumps of wild willows.

For several days she did little but lie on the settee and watch the rise and fall of the fire. The consciousness that

she would soon be penniless had prompted her to forbid Stubbs to let any of her few friends know her whereabouts. A few days more would bring her penury. Her proud little spirit would not endure the idea of mendicancy, even in its most agreeable forms, and she shut herself close in the house and kept her heartache as her only guest.

As time went on her little purse suffered perfect depletion. She might have given lessons in bad French or mistaught pupils on the piano, only no one in Denver was paying for luxuries of that sort just then. Denver was economizing—dramatically. It was, in fact, in an ecstasy of conscious martyrdom, and it made the most of it. Heth Lowman, however, had no call to be histrionic, because she had no audience. She kept a diary and made notes of her emotions, and she watched the mails and was forever expecting a letter from Gaylord, who had gone, as he explained to her in his farewell note, to retrieve himself and would return to her only when he was once more a rich man.

She was convinced that he was keeping watchful care over her when, about a month after her misfortunes and just when her fortune looked the blackest, an envelope came, containing a number of bills—quite enough to keep her in comfort for several weeks to come. She told Stubbs about the money—she was confidential with Stubbs—and asked him if he didn't suppose Mr. Gaylord had caused his banker to send the money, which would account for the Denver stamp mark on the envelope. Stubbs said that was a reasonable supposition, and little Miss Lowman was perfectly happy.

Though she had entertained such violent scruples against accepting help from any one else, she had no compunction at all at receiving it from Thaddeus Gaylord. He had told her, with frenzied iterations, that he loved her, that he must marry her, that he had never loved any one else and that she was the loveliest woman in the world. She found nothing irritating in the fact that Gaylord, bewildered at his own misfortunes, had forgotten to inquire about her condition.

As the months went by the mysterious stipend continued to come un-

failingly, and Heth kept up her spirits and made herself useful. She loved the spot where she lived. The eagles flew over it sometimes, and the mountains were seldom hidden. One day that which Heth expected happened.

Stubbs had not called in the morning, as usual, and Miss Lowman, who had come to depend upon him for her morning paper and any small service she might wish performed, wondered if he were ill. She sat at the window, sewing lace in the neck of her little gray Sunday frock, when she saw him coming down the street. And, gladness, gladness! He was not alone!



"Well," said he, "Heth, I'm back."

Beside him strode a gentleman with a flamboyant mustache—a gentleman who looked as if he were in the habit of having men and obstacles and even United States mail wagons get out of his way! In his arms Stubbs carried a basket of roses and sundry little packages, and as they walked the man with the mustache talked all the time. Heth could hear his ringing voice come up to her through the closed window.

She flew back to her own room and sat down and sewed some more of the lace in the neck of her frock with an

air of deadly indifference. She heard some one bounding up the stairs three steps at a time, and she still sewed in the lace. She heard an impetuous knock at the door, and it burst open—Heth was just knotting a thread—and the next thing she knew she was not in her chair at all or on the floor at all, but— Well, well, never mind.

"Well," said he, "Heth, I'm back!"

No one smiled. Every one seemed to think the remark was needed.

"I'm on my feet again. I knew I would be, with you waiting. Alaska salmon did it. I canned the talls. The fools were throwing away as much as they canned. I swear they were. I've got a cannery in the shadow of a volcano and under the lid of a glacier, and I want you to see it."

It didn't seem surprising to anybody that Gaylord should wish to take his bride to a salmon cannery.

"I didn't know your plight, dear child, till Stubbs told me. Heavens, if I had known it I'd have been home quick enough!"

"Didn't know it?" gasped Heth, wiping her eyes on a diminutive pocket handkerchief. How, then?"

But she was interrupted by Stubbs, who came in with the roses and the little boxes, which the traveler made her open and which contained trinkets of various kinds—silver bracelets from the Thinglets and a silk shawl from Chinatown at Portland and carved bone spoons from the Aleuts and a necklace of Alaska garnets.

"If it hadn't been for that fellow's waistcoats," said Gaylord, pointing to his valet, "and all the rest of the truck with which he furnished me, I might have fared badly, Heth. The rascal packed up my whole outfit, and where I've been clothes wear out fast, not to mention the fact that it's often comfortable to wear three suits at a time. I wore my swallowtail with a blue flannel shirt and a pair of checked trousers, and it seemed to take with the natives first rate."

Stubbs had never known before that his master's mistress could give a peal of laughter like that. He hadn't an idea of it, or that her eyes could dance like will-o'-the-wisps on a foggy night.

"But if you don't know about my misfortunes," said she, suddenly returning to her former question, "how was

it that you sent me that money every month? But for you I should have been a beggar, and I know I should have broken my heart."

"Money," said Gaylord, "money!"

Stubbs was making for the door.

"Come back here, you rascal," cried Gaylord. "Turn around, sir."

Stubbs' face was scarlet.

"Look at that, my dear, will you?" cried Gaylord. "Look at that. Guilt painted on every feature. See that, my dear!"

Heth got up and slipped her hand in Stubbs' big paw.

"I hope you will never have to be parted from—from Mr. Gaylord—and—and me," said she.

Gaylord was mopping his blue eyes. "Stubbs," he said, "I"—

"Don't mention it, sir, if you please. My fathers have been gentlemen's men for five generations, sir, and it would be queer if I didn't understand a gentleman's feelings, sir, and know what he would want done under certain circumstances."

"How," cried Gaylord, throwing up his hand, "can I ever live up to Stubbs?"

How a Spider Killed a Mouse.

A spider swung itself down from the ceiling of a Jackson county store by its web and attached itself to the tail of a mouse and dragged the mouse up till only its front feet touched the floor, where it was held by the spider until life was extinct.—Topeka State Journal.

That Sent Him Off Smart.



The Masher—Does your sister know I am out here waiting for her?

The Boy—Oh, yes! She gave me a penny to tell her when you had gone.—Boston Globe.



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MISS LILIAN BELL, THE TALENTED AUTHOR.

Miss Bell's latest story, "The Expatriates," has been issued in book form and is being enthusiastically received by the critics. Miss Bell is a Chicago girl, who first attracted attention by a story entitled "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid."

LEAF BY LEAF THE ROSES FALL

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
 Drop by drop the springs run dry;
 One by one beyond recall
 Summer roses droop and die.
 But the roses bloom again,
 And the springs will gush anew
 In the pleasant April rain
 And the summer rain and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,
 When the springs of gladness fall
 And the roses in their bloom
 Droop like maidens wan and pale,
 We shall find some hope that lies,
 Like a silent gem apart,
 Hidden far from careless eyes
 In the garden of the heart—

Some sweet hope to gladness wed
 That will spring afresh and new
 When grief's winter shall have fled,
 Giving place to rain and dew—
 Some sweet hope that breathes of spring
 Through the weary, weary time,
 Budding for its blossoming
 In the spirits' glorious clime.

Some Homemade Spooks.

By...
 M. QUAD.

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I was putting electric wires into the house of a gentleman named Endriss, living in a fashionable street in London, when one day he invited me into his library, poured me out a glass of wine and then had a story to relate. From his statements it appeared that his mother, who was an old lady of 75, had long been a member of a certain charitable organization, and certain members of it had secured an undue influence over her. She was being persuaded to buy and deed the society a certain house and lot valued at about £3,000, and the son's arguments and protestations had brought about strained relations. The long and short of it was, I think, that the son did not want the money to go out of the family, and he had set his wits to work to invent some scheme to defeat the old lady's intentions. He had got the scheme and now desired my assistance to carry it

out. The house stood alone on a large plot of ground and had not been tenanted for several years. The mother was a superstitious woman, who was guided by dreams and omens and had once seen a ghost, and the son proposed to knock her project in the head by producing a haunted house. He wanted ghosts and goblins made to order, and he believed I was the man to put the job through successfully.

He was willing to pay a good price for a good thing, and after two or three meetings we came to a satisfactory understanding. It was a two story brick house, with a cellar and an attic, and the grounds were surrounded by a stone wall. There were three or four old trees, with limbs touching the walls, and the roof was out of repair, and doors and windows were in a dilapidated state. I found the cellar divided by four partition walls, and the rooms were gloomy enough to look at. It was an ideal place for spooks. Down in one corner of the yard was a toolhouse, with a door in the wall opening upon a common, and after spending a couple of hours about the place I reported to Mr. Endriss that I could give him the hauntedest haunted house ever known in England. That door opening on the commons and the high wall around the grounds gave me an opportunity to come and go and do my work without much risk of observation.

The toolhouse had a garret to it, which was dark and damp, and entrance to it was effected by a trapdoor and a ladder, and I took this attic for my headquarters. Thither I carried my electric batteries and other paraphernalia, and for a week I was busy running wires and locating spooks. It tested my ingenuity to run wires along the walls and up and down the trunks of trees and into the house in such a manner that they should be safe from all other eyes, but I carried this matter out very successfully. I had to rip up the flooring and get into the partitions here and there, but my tools left no trace behind.

I do not know how Mr. Endriss worked it, but one day it was whispered about that the old Duff house was haunted. A tramp told a story of being driven out by strange noises, and in 24 hours it was all over the neighborhood. A newspaper had something to say about it in a day or two, and be-

fore the week was out two grocer's clerks had decided to pass the night in the haunted house. I was kept posted and was on hand at a proper hour. The young fellows took up their station in the parlor, having candles, cards, drink and a good deal of courage, but they didn't remain all night. Under the floors of the upper and lower halls I had placed two flat pieces of wood in such a way that they would strike together when the electric button was pressed. As those spook defiers sat smoking and bluffing they heard the sound of footsteps in the upper hall. They had to imagine that the footsteps descended the stairs, but they kindly did so. Then they caught them in the lower hall and imagined that an invisible being passed the open parlor door, and the way those chaps got out of that house and over the wall was a sight to see. Their story created intense excitement, and, realizing that his property was in peril, the owner took immediate steps to solve the mystery.

Three nights after the young men had been driven out the owner and two policemen took up their quarters in the house. A thorough search was first made of the premises, and then the trio sat down to wait for spooks. In due time the spooks came. There was no wind outside, but shortly before midnight there was a gusty wall from

the floor above, a long drawn wall that seemed to have originated in a graveyard. It was only a whistle of my invention, worked by a valve and a spring, but up went the hair of the three doubting Thomases. The wall was followed by spirit rappings on the wall, and as a finisher there was a soft, sad music from ghostly lips. The police only waited long enough for the owner to suggest that he was sleepy and wanted to go home and go to bed, and then the trio made a bolt for the street. The next day all London was talking about the Duff house, and people came in such crowds and stood around so obstinately that it took two-score policemen to keep the street open.

That was the send off for the haunted house. The owner was literally overwhelmed with letters and interviewers. In one month 5,000 persons wrote him as to how to lay the ghosts. In the same time he had offers from as

many more people to pass a night in the house and solve the mystery. He was sharp enough to turn all this to account. When he found that sight-seers were coming from all parts of London—aye, from towns 50 miles away—to get a look at the house, he threw it open by day and charged a shilling admission and fairly coined money. Every night for six weeks parties of from two to ten paid money for the privilege of hearing the spooks. In one instance two young bloods paid £15 apiece to have the house to themselves for three hours, and I gave them their money's worth. In another instance a party of 25 was made up at £2 per head, and I routed the whole gang with two long drawn moans as I exhausted the air in an iron cylinder placed in one of the partitions. No one left that haunted house disappointed. They got ghostly footsteps and sighs and walls and soft, sad music till they cared for no more. Several persons were frightened into fits and several more injured in the wild scramble for safety. The lord mayor of London wasn't in it compared with the Duff house.

Mr. Endriss' mother weakened early in the game. She didn't propose to buy haunted houses for anybody, and in this case she felt that murder must have been committed and she might in some way be held as accessory after the fact. In fact, she went right back on her society and turned the money over to her son, and then we had no further use for the house. I was running it as a sort of show, however, being willing to help the owner out, when it took fire and burned to the ground, and the mystery died out in a day.

Very pale nails indicate much infirmity of the flesh and liability to persecutions by neighbors and friends; nails growing into the flesh at the points or sides are indicative of luxurious tastes; white marks on the nails bespeak misfortune; pale or lead colored nails betoken melancholy; broad nails belong to those of gentle, timid, bashful natures; lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiments have round nails; people with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome; small nails belong to small minded, obstinate and conceited people, while choleric, martial men have red and spotted nails.

SERGEANT DAVIES' GHOST

Five years passed, and the mysterious disappearance of Sergeant Davies had not been accounted for. Even his comrades had ceased to speculate over it. Nor would it probably ever have been solved but for one man who had sworn never to cease his inquiries and investigations until the murderers of Sergeant Davies were brought to justice. This man was James Small, formerly an ensign in the Earl of London's regiment.

With patient, dogged perseverance and the keen instinct of a born detective he set himself to the task of discovering the perpetrators of the crime and at last succeeded. Bit by bit he joined together the stray pieces of evidence until he had a case sufficiently strong to justify him securing the arrest of two highlanders, Duncan Terig, alias Clerk, and Alexander Bain Macdonald. The fowling piece belonging to the murdered man had been found in the house of one of them and trinkets and valuables known to have been the property of Sergeant Davies had been seen in the possession of both men.

The prisoners were arraigned before the lords of session at 7 o'clock on the morning of June 11, 1754. Then there was made public the strange story of the manner in which the crime and its perpetrators had been discovered.

Alexander Macpherson of Inverey, a farm servant, aged 26, deposed that one night in the summer of 1750, while in bed in a shealing (the long turf thatched outhouses in which highland farm servants sleep in beds ranged along the wall), several others being at the same time in the said shealing, there entered a man dressed in blue whom he took to be the brother of a neighbor, Donald Farquharson of Glendee, who came to his bedside and beckoned him to come out. Macpherson rose and followed the figure outside the door, whereupon the person turned and said:

"I am Sergeant Davies." Then, pointing to a moss, or tract of swampy land, known as Christie's hill, he added:

"You will find my bones there. Go and bury them at once, for I can have no peace nor will I give you any until my bones are buried, and you may get Donald Farquharson to help you."

Having spoken these words solemnly and earnestly, the apparition vanished. Early next morning Macpherson went alone to the spot indicated by the wraith, and so exactly had been the instructions given by the mysterious visitant that before he had searched five minutes he came upon a human body imbedded in the moss.

A few nights later the apparition again visited Macpherson when he was in bed in the shealing and reproached him for not having carried out its instructions for burial, urging him at the same time to lose no time in committing the remains to the earth. Then Macpherson plucked up courage to ask, "Who murdered you?" To which the apparition replied, "Duncan Clerk and Alexander Macdonald."

On the following day Macpherson went to Donald Farquharson, told him the story and persuaded him to come and assist to bury the body of the murdered man in dry ground. Farquharson went with Macpherson to Christie's hill, carried the body away, dug a grave in dry ground and there buried the remains. To all his own share in the business Farquharson swore positively and emphatically expressed his belief that Macpherson had told nothing but the truth. The only other person to whom Macpherson confided the story was John Growar of Dalhownie, who deposed that Macpherson, under strict promise of secrecy, told him a few days after the apparition had appeared for the second time how he, in obedience to its commands, had, with the assistance of Donald Farquharson, buried the body.

But there was still stronger corroboration of Macpherson's strange story in the evidence given by Isabel Machardie of Inverey, who deposed that on the night on which Macpherson declared that he saw the apparition for the second time she, sleeping at the other end of the shealing, in the portion set apart for the women, most distinctly saw "something naked come in at the door and go straight to Macpherson's bed, which frightened her so much that she drew the clothes over her head; that

when it appeared it came in a bowing posture, but she could not tell what it was; that next morning she asked Macpherson what it was that had troubled them the night before, and that he had answered she might be easy, for it would trouble them no more."

The counsel for the prisoners was one of the most eminent advocates in Scotland, Alexander Lockhart. He was a notorious Jacobite and had gained for himself much celebrity by defending the prisoners captured after the rising of 1745. As in duty bound he threw ridicule upon this story of the ghost, and he made his great points when in cross examination of Macpherson, who could speak nothing but Gaelic and whose evidence had to be interpreted to the court, he said to the witness:

"What language did the ghost speak in?"

To which Macpherson promptly replied, "As good Gaelic as ever I heard in Lochaber."

"Pretty good for the ghost of an English sergeant," said Lockhart, and there was general laughter in court. His case was won. The jury's verdict was "not guilty."

Too Much For Her.



"What luck did yer have up at that house, Willie?"

"Nothin' doin'. I told her I'd chop der wood fer her if she'd give me some-thin' ter eat, an' she fainted."—New York Evening Journal.

THE FOUR GUESTS.

A knock at the door, but he
Was dreaming a dream of fame,
And the one who knocked drew softly back,
And never again he came.
A knock at the door as soft—
As soft, as shy as a dove,
But the dreamer dreamed till the guest was
gone,
And the guest was Love.

A knock at the door; again
The dreamer dreamed away
Unheeding, deaf to the gentle call
Of the one who came that day.
A knock at the door; no more
The guest to that door came,
Yet the dreamer dreamed of the one who
called;
For the guest was Fame.

A knock at the door, but still
He gave no reply,
And the waiting guest gave a cheery hail
Ere he slowly wandered by.
A knock at the door; in dreams
The dreamer fain would grope
Till the guest stole on, with a humbled sigh,
And the guest was Hope.

A knock at the door; 'twas loud,
With might in every stroke,
And the dreamer stopped in his dreaming
thought
And suddenly awoke.
A knock at the door; he ran
With the swiftness of a breath,
And the door swung wide, and the guest came
in,
And the guest was Death.
—Baltimore American.

THE DERELICT

A Weird Story of the
Polar Sea.

BY A. G. PEARSE.

It was on the fourteenth day out from Wellington, New Zealand, when we were about 180 miles to the southward of Cape Horn, that we fell in with the derelict ship. Her name, still faintly to be read on the scarred timbers, was Resolution. That is all we learned about her from personal observation, for the fact that her hold was half full of water precluded the possibility of careful examination.

But on board of her we discovered a human derelict. He was lying in a heap in the galley, and at first we thought it was a mere bundle of furs

and rags. Closer scrutiny, however, revealed the fact that the bundle was a man. There was a flicker of life in him—no more.

"Pull him around if you can," said the skipper to the ship's doctor. "I should like to hear how it was that he was drifting around in that old hulk, which, by the way, is a danger to navigation."

My one fellow passenger, a man named Holroyd, and myself hailed with satisfaction the doctor's announcement a couple of days later that the patient was sufficiently recovered to come up on deck and spend an hour with us in the saloon. We half led, half carried, him from his berth and sat him down on the after lockers.

The stranger looked from one to the other of us with an expression that was pitiful in his eager longing to give utterance to some half formed ideas. Then suddenly he turned to me and asked:

"What year is this?" I told him.

"I thought perhaps it was a frightful dream," he murmured, "but it was reality. Six years! My God, six years!"

He stopped abruptly and covered his face with his hands. Holroyd poured out a glass of wine and gave it to him. This brightened him up a bit, and he slowly began again:

"On the 20th of December, six years ago, we sailed from Adelaide in the ship *Enterprise* on an exploring expedition in the antarctic regions. The captain's name was Cleveland.

"We steered for Kerguelan Island, where we landed some seal fishers, and then proceeded on our voyage. On the 27th of January we made out some high land on the port bow. To the west the water was full of summer ice, but the water was clear to the southward, and we pushed on until the 23d of March, when we were beset in the ice pack, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we warped the ship into a small inlet which the captain determined to make his winter quarters.

"As soon as the ship was safely moored we started to explore this desolate land, which no living man had ever set foot upon or even seen. It was evidently part of a great southern continent which stretched beyond the pole itself. And over those frightful and voiceless solitudes of snow Cleveland

determined to force his way as soon as spring rendered traveling possible.

"With the first traces of returning light we made preparations for an expedition to the south, and on the 24th of September we started. For a month we traveled under a sky as blue as Italy's, and then the weather changed. Fogs, snowstorms and gales succeeded each other, rendering traveling a work of such difficulty and danger that we had to make the best of our way back to the ship, which we reached in January, only to find that the ice had forced her high up on the shore amid a mass of debris. She was still habitable, though she would never float again.

"Six more weary months dragged by. Escape to the north being cut off by a barrier of ice mountains, Captain Cleveland determined to make another attempt to cross the polar sea, or continent, whichever it was, and reach Graham Land, where he might be picked up by a whaler.

"Our original crew of 35 was now reduced by sickness and accident to about 20. We carried a quantity of provisions, hoisted the ensign at the peak and bade goodby to the *Enterprise* on Oct. 26.

"As we advanced farther the peaks and rough ground fell away until an unbroken sheet of snow stretched away before us. Nowhere else on earth would it be possible to find such utter desolation.

"The crew held a consultation, and even the boldest of them, being dismayed by the gloomy prospect, addressed a request to Captain Cleveland to return to the *Enterprise*. This he refused to do, but eight men determined to go back alone, and so, giving them one of the sledges and their provisions, we parted company. Whether they ever reached the ship I know not.

"We kept on and on, forever toward the south, and one by one my companions died along the road until there were only four of us left—the captain, myself and two seamen. It was about this time that I fell into a sort of trance. How long I continued in this dazed state I do not know, but when I recovered consciousness I found myself standing on a rocky headland gazing down upon a ship which was imbedded in the center of a field of rough ice. A few paces from me stood Captain Cleveland, gaunt and hollow eyed.

No one else was in sight.

"The strange ship was the American whaler Resolution, which we discovered from her log had been abandoned in latitude 74 degrees south and longitude 90 degrees west 38 years before. I could not believe my eyes when I read '90 degrees west longitude.' What does it mean? I muttered.

"It means," said Captain Cleveland, 'that we have crossed the south polar continent from the eastern to the western hemisphere. We have done that which will make us famous.' Famous! Of what use was fame to us?"

"It is the strangest story I ever heard," said Holroyd.

"We found a quantity of provisions on board," the speaker continued, "most of which was in good condition. And aboard the old whaler we took up our winter quarters. I won't trouble you with an account of how we passed our long, weary months of imprisonment. I lost all account of time, but I believe now that for nearly three years that ship's cabin was our home.

"Such a life will shake the foundations of the strongest mind, and it was near the end of another polar night that Cleveland suddenly went mad, clambered down upon the ice and ran wildly toward the south. I never saw him again."

The narrator broke down completely at this point, but soon took up his story.

"Gradually, inch by inch, the ship worked her way through miles of pack ice, and one morning I awoke to find a glorious expanse of open water in front of me, through which the ship slowly glided. For days—aye, weeks—I drifted on over the deserted ocean, with never a sail in sight. The loneliness was awful. I longed for companionship and dared not go down into the cabin, for every sound made me start in terror."

During the latter part of his recital the wanderer's voice had grown weaker and weaker, his pauses longer and more frequent. We again offered him wine, but he refused it.

"At length I took up my abode on deck altogether, living in the galley," he went on. "And from that time until I found myself—here—I remember—nothing. How long—I have—been drifting—"

He stopped and gazed at us with a glassy stare. Then he tried to speak again, but no words came from his lips. Suddenly his head fell forward upon his chest, and his arms dropped limply to his side. The doctor caught him as he collapsed, and between us we carried him to his bunk. Ere another day's sun rose he was dead. The derelict had reached port at last.

Such is the strange story of James Wilson, found on the ship Resolution, as told by himself.—St. Louis Republic.

The traveler in London about a century ago might have noticed the following poster:

Mr. Daniel Lambert of Leicester,
The heaviest man that ever lived,
Weights upward of fifty stone.

Mr. Lambert will see company at his house, 53 Piccadilly, next Albany, nearly opposite St. James church, from 11 to 5 o'clock. Tickets of admission, 1 shilling each.

Mr. Lambert had been keeper of the old county bridewell at Leicester and, despite his physical immensity, was a very intelligent and active person. A Kentish innkeeper named Palmer, weighing only 350 pounds, visited Mr. Lambert and appears to have been deeply mortified at his own inferiority, for on returning home he was suddenly taken ill and died. Mr. Lambert weighed 739 pounds just before his death.

Preposterous.



"De idee of lettin er poor little kid like you run loose on de street! It's shameful!"—New York Evening Journal.



EMPEROR WILLIAM ON THE DECK OF THE HOHENZOLLERN.

Every summer Emperor William takes a cruise on his imperial yacht. This year he is visiting the coast of Norway. The empress and her three sons have also taken a cruise this summer, but took passage on the yacht Iduna, another of the kaiser's private fleet.

Two Questions

By ...
**HOWARD
FIELDING**

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Charles W. Hooke.



UPON a certain evening not long ago I asked two questions of tremendous importance. The answers which I received determined the subsequent course of my life.

The first question was addressed to Signor Taglia. He had just come out of the dining room, and I was standing in the hall with an unlighted cigar in my hand.

"Can you oblige me with a match?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied, taking several from the little pocket in his sack coat.

He passed along the hall and up the stairs, entirely unaware that the incident possessed any but the most ordinary and trivial significance. I heard him unlock the door of his room, which was at the rear of the house on the second floor. My own was the small one next to his, while at the front, upon that floor, Miss Latimer had the larger room, and a young man named Crosby, a recent arrival, had the smaller.

It was Miss Latimer who must answer my second question, and I waited for her after putting my cigar back into my case and the signor's matches into my pocket. Presently she rose from her seat by the small table in the far corner and came toward the door. As she passed the table where Mr. Crosby sat he addressed some remark to her, and she paused a moment.

The light was bright upon her as she stood there, and she looked very beautiful, though one might guess she had been ill. It was, indeed, five weeks

since she had been out of the house, and only within the last few days had she been able to come down to the dining room.

Miss Latimer was the plaintiff in a great lawsuit. She had been sold out and defrauded by her own counsel, had



SHE PAUSED A MOMENT.

triumphed over this disaster only to be cheated by his successor and now, by virtue of her own shrewdness and hard work, was in a position to press the case once more in the courts, but with slender prospects of success. It was a question whether she should have \$2.-

000,000 or nothing, whether her late father's honor should be established or smirched forever by a band of scoundrels who had been enriched by the fruits of his business sagacity to a point where they could have afforded to be honest had they possessed the moral capacity for it.

Personally I admired the girl beyond measure and would have given my right hand to help her, but could not feel that I had won her confidence.

"Miss Latimer," said I as she came out into the hall, "I have a very impertinent question to ask you, but I really can't see any way to avoid asking it."

"If it is necessary," said she, "it can't be impertinent."

"Is there any one in this world whom you trust?"

Her face flushed, and there was a look of pain in her eyes.

"I shall have to say no," she answered. "The worst that these dishonest people have done to me is to rob me of my belief in human integrity. You have no idea how lonely one feels."

"If you had anything especially precious," said I, "you would keep it yourself. You would not intrust it to another."

"You are quite right," she said. "I should keep it myself."

At this moment Crosby appeared upon the threshold of the dining room.

"I suppose, you'll attend the concert this evening?" he said. "Miss Latimer will occupy her reserved seat on the third stair, and there is every promise of a large audience."

The "concert" was Signor Taglia's piano practice. It appeared to be a habit of the pianist to devote an hour or two after dinner to the perfection of his technique. At any rate, his piano had squealed and roared for mercy on the two previous evenings that he had been in the house, and some of us had gathered at the foot of the second staircase to hear the performance, incited by Crosby, who declared that the signor was a wonder.

When the young man had passed on, Miss Latimer confided in me that she thought Signor Taglia played like a man of wood, without sense or discretion, and that she should join the group because she craved human companionship after the loneliness of her illness and because she was amused by Cros-

by's absurd praise of the music.

"We were speaking of confidence in human nature," said I.

"Yes," she replied, "and it seemed to me that you were pleased to learn that I had none."

"The information gratified my intellect and saddened my heart," said I. "Taken in connection with something that had happened immediately before, it proved to me that I had reasoned rightly upon a very complicated subject. But my heart would rather you would trust—some one."

"Do you refer to a young man who was kind enough to send me a good many pretty flowers when I was ill?" she asked.

"Please don't mention my poor little posies," I protested. "It was good of you not to have them thrown out of the window. But to return to the subject. I wish you would trust me enough to do one little thing that I shall ask."

"And what may it be?"

"When we are up there listening to the music," said I earnestly, "will you do me the honor to keep an eye upon me, and when I take my gloves out of my pocket, this way, will you get right up and go to your room?"

"A secret signal! How romantic!" she cried. "Of course I don't understand in the least, but I will do it because you ask me to."

"Splendid!" said I. "You take a great weight off my mind. Now let's go up stairs. Our great pianist is beginning to play. I see you have the key of your room in your hand. That's right. Please keep it there. By the way, people are quite careful about their doors in this house. Have you noticed that Signor Taglia locks his behind him when he goes into his room?"

"No," she answered. "Does he?"

"Always," I replied, "and that isn't all. When he and his piano arrived Monday afternoon, the first thing the signor did was to drive a big screw into the door between his room and mine. The screw missed the casing and so did not hold, but the door was locked, and the key was in the landlady's pocket. After the signor's experiment with the screw I tried a key or two upon the lock just to satisfy myself, and by pure accident I left the door unfastened."

We had paused at the foot of the stairs.

"Well," she asked, "what happened afterward?"

I had not intended to tell her any more at that time, but her question demanded some sort of reply, and so I stumbled along with my story.

"That evening after dinner," said I, "when you were in the hall and the sweet strains of Chopin's nocturnes were being banged out of the signor's piano I was industriously putting on a dress suit in my own little cage. It happened that I leaned against that door, and it opened. I couldn't help seeing into his room. He wasn't there."

"But I thought you said"—

"That the piano was performing? So it was, but without human assistance. My first impression was somewhat uncanny, and then I remembered that there are electric attachments by which pianos can be played. As you remarked a few minutes ago, the signor's interpretation of the great works of the masters is somewhat mechanical."

"What is his object in this ridiculous fraud?" she demanded. "Where was he when you looked into his room?"

"Softly," I whispered, and I drew her into the parlor. "He was just com-

ing out of that big closet between your room and his. Singularly enough, he was coming out backward and did not perceive me. I gently closed the door and locked it, and he was none the wiser."

"He could get into my room that way," she said. "The closet was originally a passage, and there are doors on both sides."

"Precisely," I responded, "and that is why I asked you whether you trusted any one. I did not like to ask you outright if you had something concealed in your room."

She paled suddenly, and then the color rushed back to her face. She looked at me a moment, I can't say how, but tears of tenderness came into my eyes.

"I am glad you asked the question," said she. "It shows my need. I am going to trust you and tell you the truth. I have found the original contract between my father and the people I am suing. It bears all their signatures, and it will win my case. They think it has been destroyed, but I have it in my room. I had made up my mind to trust no one with it, but to put it myself in the hands of the judge when the case is called. Do you think this Taglia is a spy?"

"I know it," I replied, "for I have proved that he has been in your room."

"How could you prove that? You could not see him."

"By a study of the beast's habits," said I. "He has one that is peculiar. He never goes by a matchsafe without helping himself. So I marked a lot of matches and bribed the chambermaid to put them in the box in your room and set it in a conspicuous position. This evening, after dinner, I asked the signor for a match, and he gave me quite an assortment, including, I rejoice to say, one of those that I had marked. So we have him."

"What shall I do?"

"Be patient," said I. "There is one more thing to do."

"But at this moment he may be destroying that document."

"My child," said I, "he is only a hired man. They have offered him a price if he will get that paper. Do you fancy he will destroy it before he has shown it to his masters and obtained the uttermost farthing? I assure you he is not so simple. Now let us go up stairs and hear the music. Remember our signal."



HE WAS COMING OUT BACKWARD,
ing out of that big closet between your

There were half a dozen young people in the hall above. Crosby, leaning against the banister rail, was explaining to one of the ladies the use of a silver whistle which was attached to his watch chain.

"We call cabs with them in London," said he.

He had explained it to me on the previous evening and had even been so kind as to blow the whistle for my satisfaction. It had a very clear and sharp note.

The signor's electric pianist meanwhile finished a nocturne and began upon a long concerto of Bach's. It was murder, but Crosby seemed to like it. As for me, I put my hand into my pocket and pulled out my gloves.

Miss Latimer instantly rose from the step upon which she had been sitting. Crosby put out his hand to help her, while he urged her not to desert us so soon. Then, seeing that she would go,



MY LEFT HAND WAS ACROSS HIS MOUTH. he said jocosely, "We'll call a cab for Miss Latimer." And he raised the whistle to his lips.

"Permit me," said I, laying my hand suddenly upon the whistle.

"No; I'll blow it," he cried. But he could not get the toy out of my hands.

I saw his face flush. He exerted all his strength, but he had not enough.

Recognizing that fact, he tried to whistle with his own lips. Instantly the palm of my left hand was across his mouth, and he fell back into a corner.

I fancy that the spectators of this scene thought it rough play. Miss Latimer, if indeed she saw it, paid no attention. She had almost reached her door when Crosby gave up trying to wrest his silver whistle from me, and just as I closed his mouth I heard the click of her key.

The next instant her piercing scream drowned the signor's loud fortissimo. She sprang into her room, and I threw Crosby backward upon the floor and ran after her.

I found her struggling with Signor Taglia, who struck at her with one hand, while he held aloft a folded paper in the other. I had that paper in a flash, and I passed it to Miss Latimer as she sprang back. Then all the strength of my love for her and the strength of my hatred for curs, thieves and persecutors of women were joined in one blow.

I infer that it must have been a good one, for the doctor who subsequently restored Taglia to consciousness asked me with considerable evidence of curiosity what sort of a "weapon" I had used.

At the moment, however, I paid no attention to the signor. I ran out into the hall and caught Crosby, whom I tied neck and heels with all kinds of queer cord furnished by my fellow boarders.

We had the two "detectives" in court the next day, and I think there is a law by which they and some of their principals in this affair can be made to break rocks for the state. At any rate, Miss Latimer will get her two millions.

But money is a trifle. Though the dear girl knows the value of it as well as any one I ever saw, she isn't half so glad to win it as I am that I have won her.

The New Baby.

Happy Father—We've got a new baby up at our house.

Friend—So? What do you call him?

H. F.—We don't call him; he does all the calling himself.—*Detroit Free Press.*



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LADY FRANCIS HOPE, WEARING THE HOPE JEWELS.

Although Lady Francis Hope, who was formerly May Yohe, the American actress, is tired of her titled husband and would like to get a divorce, she is not tired of wearing the Hope family jewels, which are worth something like \$200,000. If she divorces Sir Francis, she must give up the jewels. Lady Hope has not yet decided just what she will do.

REPARTEE OF THE WORDBYS.

BY W. EVANS BARNES.

"I bought a hat today, John," said Mrs. Wordby, settling herself comfortably in the rocker.

"A hat, my dear?" replied her husband, frowning at the house dog.

"Yes, my love, a hat, and a very pretty one, I think."

"Very pretty, no doubt, but"—

"But what, my love?"

"But do you think you needed a new hat?"

"Ah, it is always so with you men! If wives waited for their husbands to suggest buying something, they never would have anything." And Mrs. Wordby smoothed out her dress with an injured air.

"Yes, no doubt we are all brutes"—

"Brutes, my dear? Why, I never said that."

"No, but"—

"But what, John? I see you are falling into the habit of not concluding your sentences."

"It's because you don't give me a chance, my dear," replied her husband.

"Ah, yes, of course. I always am to blame for everything. I"—

"I didn't say that. I simply"—

"No, but you meant it. You are always insinuating that I cause all the trouble. Since you think that, why did you ever marry me?"

"I—er—er—well, the fact is, it was different then."

"So it was different, eh? I suppose you are sorry now that you did, and"—

"But I didn't say that, my love. I thought we were talking about a hat."

"See! You are trying to avoid answering. I do say it now. You men are brutes."

"Why, what an angelic temper you display, Cecilia! You surely don't mean that?"

"Yes, I do. You all talk sweetly to us until we marry you and then find fault because we haven't wings."

"I'm sure I never expected such a thing. In fact, I always thought you were a model woman."

"That's all very pretty, but I refuse to be taken in by your candied talk.

I know what you think."

"Better than I do, my dear?" asked Mr. Wordby, administering a well directed kick to the dog which had incautiously approached within reach of his foot.

"Yes, better than you do," she replied, breaking into tears. "You are a mean, spiteful thing to abuse me so."

"I abuse you? Well, that's a good one! We were just talking about a hat when you commenced"—

"There, of course. Throw the blame on me again. It is so manly of you to put everything off on your poor wife. But it's just like men."

"The poor men again! Next you will tell me we are all cannibals and eat up our wives as a pastime."

"Sir, your levity is ill timed! You torment me until I cry and then mock me."

"Well, it's just this way, my dear," responded her husband, getting up and pacing rapidly back and forth. "You started by telling me you had bought a hat, and"—

"Is there anything wrong about my buying a hat? I'm sure I can't go in rags."

"I don't want you to. It's simply that you said we men were brutes"—

"I didn't say so. You said it yourself."

"My dear, I never"—

"Yes, you did. I know you did."

"But, my love, I am certain you said so."

"I did not."

"Well, let it go. At all events, you said I abused you."

"And so you do. You blame me for everything, even when I buy a hat."

"Oh, plague take the hat! I don't care how many hats you buy, but"—

"There, that but again! You see, you do care, and you know it."

"Woman, I"—

"Nice epithet, Mr. Wordby! You forget I am your wife."

"Confound it! You never let me finish. I was going to remark"—

"That I didn't need a new hat, eh? Precious little you care how I look and what the neighbors say. I have some pride, sir, if you have none."

"But if you would only let me conclude you would see I wasn't referring to that at all."

"Well?"

"Well, what was I talking about?"

"A hat, my love."

"Oh, let's bury the hat. I said I didn't care about the hat, but I don't like to have you say that I abuse you."

"But didn't you address me as 'woman'? Goodness only knows what adjective you put in front of it mentally."

"It was because I became a little excited"—

"A little excited? A very mild term, Mr. Wordby. You were blue in the face. Your temper needs restraint, my dear."

"Of course my temper is diabolical, while yours is sweetness itself."

"I flatter myself that I can control it pretty well," replied Mrs. Wordby, with assurance. "You could, too, if you would only try. The idea of getting angry about a hat! Fie on you!"

"It was not the hat, I tell you. It was about"—

"Now commence your tirade again, my love."

"No; I won't commence my tirade, as you call it; but I would request you in the future to not mention the fact if you happen to buy a new hat."

"A hat, my dear?"

"Yes; a hat."—Chicago Record-Herald.

He Wouldn't Do.



Grandpa—Shall I come and play red Indians with you?

Bobbie (eying him critically)—I'm afraid you won't do.

Grandpa—Why not?

Bobbie—Well, you see, you've been scalped already.

He Worked the Ditto.

Tommy was much interested in hearing for the first time in his language lesson the other day about a pair of little dots that the teacher said meant "ditto." How his soul, a curious mixture of laziness and thrift, thrilled at learning that if he were to write "a cat" or "five boys" or "\$10" on one line and wanted to repeat the same words or figures on the next line all he had to do, instead of writing the words in full, was to put the ditto marks, and everybody would know it was "a cat" or "five boys" or "\$10," as the case might be, that was meant. Some time after this Tommy, while away on a visit, had occasion to write home. He simplified the hated task by turning his latest knowledge to account.

The letter looked like a literary polka dot.

"Dear father," it began.

"I hope you are well.

" " mother is "

" " sister " "

" " Dick " "

" " grandma " "

" wish you were here.

" " mother was "

" " sister " "

" " Dick " "

" " grandma " "

" " you would send me some money.

"Your affectionate son,

Tom."

—New York Sun.

Rapid Progress.



"I must say, doctor, that in the past ten years the science of medicine has made no progress at all."

"Excuse me—no progress? Formerly I got only \$1 per visit, and now I get \$3."



Photo by London Stereoscopic company.

THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH, ENGLAND'S MAN OF THE HOUR.

Herbert Henry Asquith, who is hailed in the field of English politics as "the man of the hour," is the leader of a faction of the much troubled Liberal party. It has been confidently predicted that he would eventually become the real leader of the opposition party in commons.

BILL CROSS AND HIS PET BEAR.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

When my father settled down at the foot of the Oregon sierras with his little family long, long years ago, it was 40 miles from our place to the nearest civilized settlement.

People were very scarce in those days and bears were very plenty. We also had wolves, wildcats, wild cattle, wild hogs and a good many long tailed and big headed yellow California lions.

The wild cattle, brought there from Spanish Mexico, next to the bear were most to be feared. They had long, sharp horns and keen, sharp hoofs. Nature had gradually helped them out in these weapons of defense. They had grown to be slim and trim of body and were as supple and swift as deer. They were the deadly enemies of all wild beasts, because all wild beasts devoured their young.

When fat and saucy, in warm summer weather, these cattle would hover along the foothills in bands, hiding in the hollows, and would begin to bellow whenever they saw a bear or wolf or even a man or boy, if on foot, crossing the wide valley of grass and blue camas blossoms. Then there would be music! They would start up, with head and tails in the air, and broadening out left and right they would draw a long, bent line, completely shutting off their victim from all approach to the foothills.

If the unfortunate victim were a man or boy on foot, he generally made escape up one of the small ash trees that dotted the valley in groves here and there, and the cattle would then soon give up the chase. But if it were a wolf or any other wild beast that could not get up a tree the case was different. Far away on the other side of the valley, where dense woods lined the banks of the winding Willamette river, the wild, bellowing herd would be answered. Out from the edge of the woods would stream right and left two long, corresponding, surging lines, bellowing and plunging forward now and

then, their heads to the ground, their tails always in the air and their eyes aflame, as if they would set fire to the long dry grass. With the precision and discipline of a well ordered army they would close in upon the wild beast, too terrified now to either fight or fly, and, leaping upon him one after another with their long hoofs, he would in a little time be crushed into an unrecognizable mass. Not a bone would be left unbroken. It is a mistake to suppose that they ever use their long, sharp horns in attack. These were used only in defense, the same as elk or deer, falling on the knees and receiving the enemy on their horns, much as the Old Guard received the enemy in the last terrible struggle at Waterloo.

Bill Cross was a "tenderfoot" at the time of which I write, and a sailor at that. Now, the old pilgrims who had dared the plains in those days of '49, when cowards did not venture and the weak died on the way, had not the greatest respect for the courage or endurance of those who had reached Oregon by ship. But here was this man, a sailor by trade, settling down in the interior of Oregon and, strangely enough, pretending to know more about everything in general and bears in particular than either my father or any of his boys.

He had taken up a piece of land down in the pretty Camas valley, where the grass grew long and strong and waved in the wind, mobile and beautiful as the mobile sea.

The good natured and self complacent old sailor liked to watch the waving grass. It reminded him of the sea, I reckon. He would sometimes sit on our little porch as the sun went down and tell us boys strange, wild sea stories. He had traveled far and seen much, as much as any man can see on water, and maybe was not a very big liar, for a sailor, after all. The only thing about him that we did not like outside of his chronic idleness was his exalted opinion of himself and his unconcealed contempt for everybody's opinion but his own.

"Bill," said my father one day, "those black Spanish cattle will get after that red wash and sailor jacket of yours some day when you go down in the valley to your claim, and they won't leave a greense spot. Better go horseback or

at least take a gun when you go down next time."

"Pshaw! Squire, I wish I had as many dollars as I ain't afeard of all the black Spanish cattle in Oregon. Why, if they're so blasted dangerous how did your missionaries ever manage to drive them up here from Mexico, anyhow?"

Still, for all that, the very next time that he saw the old sailor setting out at his snail pace for his ranch below, slow and indolent as if on the deck of a ship, my father insisted that he should go on horseback or at least take a gun.

"Pooh, pooh! I wouldn't be bothered with a horse or a gun. Say, I'm goin to bring your boys a pet bear some day."

And so, cocking his little hat down over his right eye and thrusting his big hands into his deep pockets almost to the elbows, he slowly and lazily whistled himself down the gradual slope of the foothills, waist deep in the waving grass and delicious wild flowers, and soon was lost to sight in the great waving sea.

Two things may be here written down. He wouldn't ride a horse, because he couldn't, and for the same reason he wouldn't use a gun. Again, let it be written down also that the reason he was going away that warm autumn afternoon was that there was some work to do. These facts were clear to my kind and indulgent father, but of course we boys never thought of it and laid our little shoulders to the hard work of helping father lift up the long, heavy poles that were to complete the corral around our pioneer log cabin, and we really hoped and half believed that he might bring home a little pet bear.

This stout log corral had become an absolute necessity. It was high and strong and made of poles or small logs stood on end in a trench after the fashion of a primitive one in front of the cabin door. Here it was proposed to put up a gate. We also had talked about portholes in the corners of the corral, but neither gate nor portholes were yet made. In fact, as said before, the serene and indolent man of the sea always slowly walked away down through the grass toward his untracked claim whenever there was anything said about portholes, posts or gates.

Father and we three little boys had

only got the last post set and solidly "tamped" in the ground as the sun was going down.

Suddenly we heard a yell, then a yelling, then a bellowing. This yelling was heard in the high grass in the Camas valley below, and the bellowing of cattle came from the woody river banks far beyond.

Then up on the brown hills of the Oregon sierras above us came the wild answer of the wild black cattle of the hills, and a moment later, right and left, the long black lines began to widen out; then down they came, like a whirlwind, toward the black and surging line in the grass below. We were now almost in the center of what would in a little time be a complete circle and cyclone of furious Spanish cattle.

And now here is something curious to relate. Our own cows, poor, weary, immigrant cows of only a year before, tossed their tails in the air, pawed the ground, bellowed and fairly went wild in the splendid excitement and tumult. One touch of nature made the whole cow world kin!

rather clambered up on a "buck horse" and looked out over the stockade, and then he shouted and shook his hat and laughed as I had never heard him laugh before. For there, breathless, coatless, hatless, came William Cross, Esq., two small wolves and a very small black bear! They were all making good time, anywhere, any way to escape the frantic cattle. Father used to say afterward that "it was nip and tuck between the four and hard to say which was ahead." The cattle had made quite a "round up."

They all four straggled in at the narrow little gate at about the same time, the great big, lazy sailor in a hurry for the first time in his life.

But think of the coolness of the man as he turned to us children with his first gasp of breath and said, "Bo-bo-boys, I've bro-bro-brought you a little bear!"

The wolves were the little chicken thieves known as coyotes, quite harmless, as a rule, so far as man is concerned, but the cattle hated them, and they were terrified nearly to death.

The cattle stopped a few rods from the stockade. We let the coyotes go, but we kept the little bear and named

him Bill Cross. Yet he was never a bit cross, despite his name.

Use of Nettles.

Nettles are as a rural remedy highly calculated, I should say, to make the patient "onalsy." Whipping with nettles has been used in case of lethargy, numbness and palsy, with what effect I cannot say, but this I do know—handling nettles regardless of their sting produces a numbness which destroys for a time further sensitiveness to their poison. Culpepper enumerates no less than 42 diseases that are cured by an application of nettles in one form or another, among them leprosy, gout, sciatica, itch, wounds and sores of all sorts. He also informs us that the juice is effectual to "settle the palate of the mouth in its place." Has any one experience of the palate shifting elsewhere? I have not heard of it. Curtis says that "in Arran and other islands of Scotland a rennet is made of a strong decoction of nettles. A quart of salt is put to three pints of decoction and boiled. A spoonful will coagulate a large bowl of milk."

Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!

Little did Hamlet think when he gave utterance to this desire that he had only to go to the nearest ditch where grew nettles and periwinkle to bring it about, and yet Gerard, quoting from Dioscorides (first century), says that "nettles boiled with periwinkles maketh the body soluble and doth it by a kind of cleansing quality." Few who believed it so would care to try the experiment.—Longman's.



Mrs. Tompkins—Well, Sally, I suppose you've given the goldfish plenty of fresh water.

Sally—Goodness, no, ma'am, 'cause they 'aven't drunk all they've got yet!

Poor Scotch Students.

Many students from their highland homes have appeared at the beginning of the academic year with a bag of oatmeal and a barrel of potatoes, representing the sole store of life and energy for months to come. So common was this practice that a holiday in midyear was appointed, known as Meallie Monday, in order to give the students an opportunity of returning home to replenish their larder. This day is still observed as a holiday.

In his reminiscences of Edinburgh Robert Chambers tells the story of his early experiences at the university—how a friend, his brother and himself had lived together, and each had brought to the common store a bag of oatmeal. The three bags hung from one of the rafters of their room, and the landlady would scrupulously take a handful of the meal from each bag in order to mix the morning porridge, according to a strictly equitable principle of distribution.

It must be remembered also that in many cases untold sacrifices must be borne in the homes whence the sons set forth to secure an education in order that they may live in a university town at all even in the simplest possible manner. It is by no means an isolated case that story of the father who had but three cows, and one of them he sold in order to send his son to St. Andrew's.—Scribner's.

A Valuable Dog.



"Naw, I wouldn't part wid dis dorg fer no consideration, 'cept maybe some peanuts or 2 cents or somethin like dat."—New York Evening Journal.

Kidnaping

By JAMES
RAYMOND
PERRY

Copyright, 1900,
By James R. Perry.

A Candidate



SELDOM or never had political feelings in a presidential campaign run so high. Principles, policies, and personalities were all sources of prejudice and hatred. The candidates of the two principal parties were as unlike as it is possible to imagine, and the principles and policies of the two party platforms were as opposite as the mind could conceive.

As the campaign progressed with ever intensifying feeling, charges and



GREETED WITH CRIES OF "HELLO, OLD BOGUS!"

countercharges were made—some well founded, no doubt, and others utterly ridiculous. Persons acquainted with the two candidates knew these stories and similar ones to be utterly false, but the fact that such stories originated and gained currency illustrates how high public feeling ran and into what depths of credulity its prejudices allowed it to be carried.

One of the most ridiculous and at the same time one of the most persistent rumors in circulation was that which averred with all solemnity that one of the candidates, who was stumping the country from Maine to California—in this most unusual of campaigns all states were doubtful, and all alike needed the presence of the party nominees—was not the candidate at all, but a man of much greater intellectual and oratorical ability who bore a strong physical resemblance to the actual candidate.

The reports concerning this mysterious substitute of the real candidate were somewhat conflicting. According to the more conservative versions of this improbable story, the substitute assumed the part of his principal only upon occasions when the genuine candidate was too much exhausted to himself address the expectant crowds as he passed from one railway station to another in his speechmaking campaign. This theory was given some color by the extraordinary number of speeches which the candidate succeeded in crowding into a working day of 12 or 15 hours. There was no stopping place so small but that he would find time and words to make at least a little

speech, and to such as gave no credence to the theory of candidational substitution it was a constant marvel that the man's voice and strength didn't give out. Thus there were many persons willing to believe the candidate had a physical duplicate to spell him in his speechmaking who would not go so far as to believe, as another version of the story had it, that it was the substitute who was making all the speeches and that it had all been arranged before the nomination of the candidate. This version stated in terms as explicit as was compatible with an avoidance of libel suits that the man put in nomination by the convention was so inferior intellectually that he was totally incompetent to make the brilliant speeches which the party's salaried substitute was going about making. This version of the fairy tale would have it that the genuine candidate had gone into the most secret and secluded retirement immediately after the convention had nominated him and that he would not issue therefrom until after the election should have carried him up to a triumphant victory or down to an inglorious defeat.

In the heat of political campaigns the most improbable tales will find credence, and there were found among the duller class of intellects many men who actually believed the real party candidate had never been seen at a political rally and had never made a speech since the beginning of the campaign. This belief no doubt accounts for the interruptions that occurred now and then near the close of the campaign when the candidate would be greeted with cries of "Hello, old Bogus!" and similar remarks. But while no person of education and intelligence for a moment supposed that the real candidate was not daily appearing before thousands and making speeches there were many who believed it not impossible nor even improbable that he had with him a substitute bearing a personal likeness to himself, whom he suffered to make short speeches at some of the minor and unimportant places at which the train stopped.

It may be as well to state here how the story of the double started, according to the explanation given by the candidate and his managers, an explanation, by the way, that was accepted

with reluctance or not at all by many of the opposing party. Then, too, as is always the case when sensational stories gain currency, there were many who heard the story who never heard the explanation of its origin.

According to the explanation, one day when the train was passing through a city of considerable size a gentleman came aboard who bore a rather striking resemblance to the candidate so far as features, went, but who was a much smaller man and one who could not possibly be palmed off upon the public for any length of time as the real candidate. This gentleman and the presidential aspirant were presented to each other, and the stranger remained talking with his distinguished companion until the train had carried them out into the rural districts, and as the train was slowing up at an unimportant little station the stranger laughingly suggested that he should take the candidate's place on the rear platform.

The candidate good humoredly acquiesced to the proposal, and the stranger actually showed himself upon the rear platform to the little group waiting at the station, while the real candidate remained within the car unseen. Contrary to the terms of the proposal and its acceptance, the stranger even made a little speech, the temptation to do so apparently being too great for him to resist. The speech was merely a brief restatement of some things the candidate had already uttered in one of his printed speeches and so would have done no harm even if it had been reported for the press and again printed, which was not done, as the place where it was delivered was regarded as too unimportant to make appropriate its publication.

And that was all there was to the story, according to the candidate and the party managers. The stranger soon after left the train, and he and the candidate had never seen each other since.

This was all very well as an explanation, said the candidate's opponents, but if true, how was it that the candidate was able to make such an impossible number of speeches? And, furthermore, how was it that on one occasion, due to somebody's blunder, the candidate and his substitute both happened to be making speeches at the same hour in two towns a few miles

apart? To the first question the answer was made that the great intellectual and physical strength of the candidate made so many speeches possible. And to the second question the response was that the assumption upon which it rested was absolutely baseless—a fabrication pure and simple.

And so things went on, with ever increasing bitterness upon both sides, toward the end of this most momentous of all presidential campaigns.

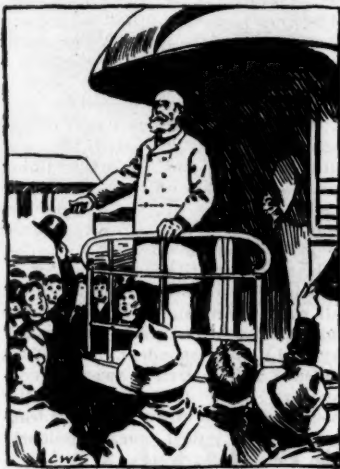
To such extent was feeling aroused and to such length of bitterness did it go that, as the end approached, the more extreme partisans were ready to resort to almost any means to defeat their opponents. There were rumors of plots to assassinate one or the other or both of the leading candidates, rumors which, when traced to their sources, it is pleasant to be able to record, were found to be wholly without foundation in truth. But the rumors served to excite and inflame still further the animosities of persons whose hatred had already reached fever heat.

It was at this critical stage of the campaign that certain hotheaded parti-

tions and make all speeches for which the true candidate had made engagements. After election, should he prove to have received a majority of the electoral votes, the candidate was to be held a prisoner until after the succeeding 4th of March, which would compel the successful party to either inaugurate a spurious president or admit that the man elected was not to be found and therefore could not be inaugurated. Or, should developments after the election make it seem wiser to restore the elected candidate to his party before March 4, a heavy ransom could be demanded, which would repay the conspirators for the risk they would run in kidnaping him.

The election would occur on Tuesday. On the evening of the preceding Thursday a final great political rally was to be held in a large hall of one of the chief cities. This rally would practically end the campaign, such meetings as were to be held afterward being of lesser importance. The candidate credited with having a double was to address this great political meeting. There was to be a torchlight procession first, and in order that as many persons as possible might catch a glimpse of the great man it was arranged that he should ride from his hotel to the hall in an open carriage at the head of the parade.

The conspirators of the opposing party, knowing of this plan, decided that the best time to kidnap the candidate would be just before the hour set for the meeting. It was hoped by them that the salaried substitute would be unprepared for taking the place of his principal before this great gathering and would in his embarrassment and unpreparedness leave a bad impression on the voters. The plotters therefore decided to permit the candidate to pass from the hotel to the hall as arranged, and seize him just as he was entering the hall by a private entrance. Two dozen picked policemen were to be on guard near the entrance, each of whom was to be a sympathizer with the conspirators and secretly act in conjunction with them. Plans were carefully perfected, and it seemed reasonably certain that the abduction could be successfully accomplished. With a substitute available the managers would certainly have the mass meeting proceed



THE STRANGER SHOWED HIMSELF UPON THE PLATFORM.

sans hatched a plot to kidnap the candidate who was rumored to have a double. They would kidnap him about a week before the day of election, thus compelling his paid substitute in the interval to appear at all public func-

with an address by the spurious candidate rather than endanger the chances of the real candidate's election by making public the fact that he had been captured and carried away and that it was not known where he was or when his person could be recovered.

But on the very morning of the day when the abduction was to occur and when all the plans for its execution had been arranged the startling news came to the conspirators that the secret had leaked out and that the candidate and his managers would be prepared for the kidnaping. A traitor to the enemy straight from that enemy's camp



A BAND OF HORSEMEN BARRED THE ROAD.

brought the conspirators the news. He also divulged the plans the enemy had prepared for outwitting the conspirators. It was to be a case of fooling the fooled. From this time on the salaried substitute could well be spared, and the plan of the enemy, as revealed by the traitor, was to have the spurious candidate ride from the hotel to the hall in the open carriage at the head of the parade, while the genuine candidate should proceed to the hall in a closed carriage and enter the building through another entrance. The conspirators should be suffered to carry out their plans, only instead of the real candidate it would be the substitute whom they would capture and carry away.

This news brought consternation to

the conspirators at first, but after the first moments of discomfiture and bewilderment the leader exclaimed: "Why, all the better then! We will let them see that we can change our plans as quickly as they can theirs. We will let them continue to think we are to do as already planned, but in reality we will let this substitute of theirs enter the hall, and we will capture the candidate in the closed carriage. The results will be the same as first planned."

"Ha, ha!" shouted the other conspirators and proceeded to rearrange their plans accordingly.

That evening, with limelights bringing his features into strong relief, there rode in an open carriage at the head of a procession through double rows of cheering and shouting spectators a smiling and hatless man who strongly resembled the presidential candidate. He bowed and bowed, and few besides those in the secret dreamed that he was other than what he seemed.

At the same hour a closed carriage was driven rapidly from an alley in the rear of the candidate's hotel and rolled swiftly away through the more deserted streets toward the hall where the meeting was to be held. When about half the distance had been covered, a band of horsemen suddenly dashed from a cross street and barred the road in front of the carriage. One of the horsemen quickly mounted the seat with the driver, and, the others lining up on either side of the vehicle, the carriage and the little cavalcade surrounding it sped swiftly away toward the environs of the city.

The occupant had made no outcry.

An hour or so later, when the great hall was echoing and re-echoing to the ringing tones of the presidential candidate and to the respondent cheers of his audience, a little band of swearing conspirators were disgustedly kicking about an effigy of straw that their leader had just pulled unceremoniously from a closed carriage.

Mistress—Bridget, I cannot allow you to have your sweetheart in the kitchen any more.

Bridget—Oh, mum, it's very kind of you, but I'm afraid he's too bashful to come up into the drawing room!—Boston Herald.

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Miscellaneous Mus.ings.

TURKISH mosques and minarets are very much in evidence these days, adding a glory to high board fences and barren looking walls. It's fine for the surrounding landscape. Do the "plain people" pay for all this wealth of out-door artistic effort? Is there any magic in an "imported" cigarette—so called?

—Estimates of the year's tobacco crop have begun and while they greatly differ, it is accepted that it will not equal that of last year. Better prices however.

—Fire lately destroyed the American Cigar Co.'s property at Richmond, Va., known as the J. Wright Co.'s plant, causing a loss of about \$200,000. Some insurance.

—One of the best 5c. cigar successes in Rochester, N. Y., is that put up by Phillips Bros. at 30-32 Mill St., while the "Three Brothers," a special brand manufactured by this enterprising firm, also commands a large and growing sale.

John Gautschi, the oldest cigar manufacturer in Washburn, Wis., is once more in business for himself, the partner having been retired.

Meyer Clark & Co., San Francisco, will remodel their Montgomery St. cigar store, and the place will be made in keeping with modern requirements.

Knott & Amah, cigar manufacturers of Burlington, Ia., are adding to their plant. This will enable them to keep pace with the growing demand for their goods.

Yocum Bros., cigar manufacturers of Reading, Pa., have voluntarily raised the wages of their 450 employees 10 per cent.

Kansas City, Mo., has abolished the slot machines and disposed of them to grafters on their way to Oklahoma.

Kingsburg Bros., of Rondout, N. Y., manufacture "Diplomas" to order and do a big business at it. They have ably pushed the sale of this cigar for fourteen years.

The American Cigar Co. is to build a ten-story factory in New Orleans. It will be fitted with a dining and reading room, library and bath room,



J. EDWARD COWLES, Manager Cigar Department.

DISCOVER THE NORTH POLE

and you will find a sign posted on it, proclaiming the mighty truth that 'SWEET VIOLET Cigars are GOOD Cigars.' You don't have to go there to discover the fact, you can buy them anywhere. They are some times sold for ten cents, but don't pay it. They are worth the money all right and there is no 'give away' trade mark branded on the cigar. A gentleman can smoke them with his head in the air, coat open and chest thrown out. Buy it and you've made a good investment; hand one to your neighbor, and you've made a friend. Smoke it and you're in love with the best five cent cigar on earth. If you are a dealer, sell it and experience the satisfaction of seeing your customer come back for more.

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NEW YORK.

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Unanimously Proclaimed Superior.

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No Drugs or Chemicals Used.

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and every convenience for about 5,000 employees.

The "fortunes of war" brought Fitzpatrick & Draper together as regimental comrades in the civil war. They have been tobacco manufacturers in Troy, N. Y., for thirty-three years and are doing a highly successful business.

J. Schwap & Son, Dayton, O., are again enlarging and refurbishing their premises on Main St. M. Schwap is one of the keenest cigarmen in the West.

Another pocket cigarette machine has been patented. Whatever its merits may be it is hoped that the ordinary man will adopt it. One out of sixteen can roll a cigarette without throwing people into a collapse; the other fifteen perform with about the same skill and grace a prize porker would exhibit in writing his autobiography with a fountain pen.

The Tower cigar factory of Duluth, Minn., has been acquired by G. S. Van Hatten, who has long had an interest in the business. He is an expert cigarmaker and successful business manager.

The Government has decided that in lieu of the fifty cigars which incoming passengers from a foreign country may bring into the U. S. free of duty, they may bring 300 cigarettes. What official smoker arrived at this ratio of 6 to 1?

—A profound impression has been made in the cigar business world by a recent letter on the Cuban cigar question and the discussion of lower duties by Mr. Gustave Bock, of the Henry Clay and Bock & Co., Limited. The very high standing of this gentleman as an authority on the subject gives his statement great weight and has attracted much general interest in commercial circles throughout the country.

—Internal revenue receipts showed a falling off in tobacco for the last month published (July) of \$1,369,623. It means nothing which is not easily explainable however.

—The Cigarmakers' International Union lately issued a circular which is a model of common sense. There

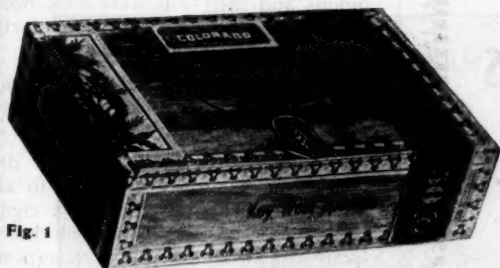


Fig. 1

SHOWS OPENER AND REST AS IT LEAVES THE CIGAR MANUFACTURER

The Orior Box Opener and Lid Rest is the only device of its kind on the market.

It Pulls the Nail
It Cuts the Stamp
It Supports the Lid
It Holds the Price Card



Fig. 3

SHAPING OPENER TO MAKE LID REST



Fig. 2

LIFTING UP OPENER AND REST TO DRAW NAIL

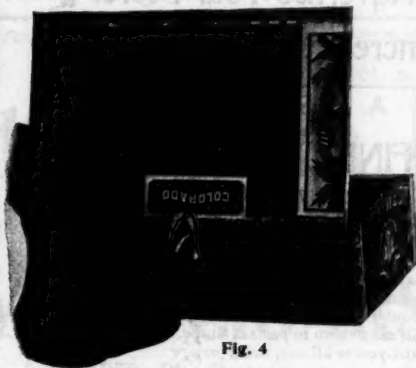


Fig. 4

INSERTING POINT OF LID REST IN BOX



Fig. 5

LID REST IN POSITION SUPPORTING LID.

PATENT ALLOWED

The Orior Lid Rest Co.

Manufacturers and Patentees

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U. S. A.

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ALL RIGHT! Send us

\$2.⁰⁰ FOR 5000

OF THE BEST GUMMED LABELS MADE.

**The Smoker's Times
Building,
Magazine Co., New York**

20c STAMPS ACCEPTED.

would be few strikes if the young unions and their followers took heed to the principles and advice set forth in this admirable production.

—The Continental Tobacco Co. has declared its regular quarterly dividend of 1 3/4 per cent., payable Oct. 1.

—Mayor Tom Johnson has declined immortality—he refuses to allow his name to be used as a cigar brand. On the other hand that choice spirit Mayor Black of McKeesport, Pa., is bound to live in the smoke if not the hearts of his countrymen and has coyly submitted to having a brand named in his honor.

—The brilliant red and strikingly unique trade mark of the Ruy Lopez Co., so well known wherever high grade cigars are used, are this year more in evidence than usual. As a window display they lend themselves in the hands of even a novice to the most effective kind of exhibition. A bulk display on Broadway and Cortlandt St. lately made a fine showing.

—A change in the firm of E. M. Schwartz & Co., cigar manufacturers, of New York, is noted, whereby A. J. Weiler and Louis Frankin, late members of the firm, have been succeeded by J. B. Wertheim and F. R. Lewin, both thorough tobacco business men. An extension of the firm's business is planned.

—John W. Merriam, head of the famous "Sign of the Bull Dog" firm of cigar manufacturers, is now on a western trip in the interests of business and pleasure. The trip may extend over a couple of months and to the coast. A larger space has lately been secured at the factory headquarters here, enabling the firm to considerably increase their already very heavy output.

—One of the late very heavy incorporations in the cigar world, is that of the Frisch Cigar Store Co., of New York, capitalized at \$1,000,000. It takes over the cigar stores in New York City, conducted by Frisch & Co., and has already acquired other very prominent retail stores. The people

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**Red Register
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back of the company and those in executive charge of the various stores guarantee a large and exceedingly progressive business.

—*Lese majeste*, might put a restraint upon a comparison between the English Edward VII. and the American J. Edward I., for, in point of looks, His Majesty of the Island obviously suffers. If the new brand of fine Havanas shortly to be put upon the market by Austin, Nichols & Co. shall turn out to be as good as the medallion of the ever resourceful cigar department manager of the firm, J. Edward Cowles, in whose honor the new brand is to be named, any possible apprehension as to their immediate success may be instantly dismissed. If any further guarantee were required it is supplied in the fact that P. Pohalski & Co. have their manufacture in hand. The sun should never set on the cigar kingdom of J. Edward the First.

—Edward K. Jones, an executor and trustee under the will of the late Ferdinand Hirsch and a director of the Ferdinand Hirsch Co., has been elected President of the company, the other officers retaining their positions.

—The enterprising Tobacco Trade Committee of Richmond, Va., has definitely decided upon a date at which to invite the tobacco trade to meet in that city. Invitations will be issued for Oct. 3d, 4th and 5th, the meeting to be held in the Tobacco Exchange. Big results are looked for from this notable move.

—Fifty year four per cent. gold bonds are now being exchanged by the Consolidated Tobacco Co. for the common stock certificates of the American and Continental Cos. All you want is the certificates!

—Such a trifle as \$75,000 in stamps doesn't bother the lately formed Consolidated Tobacco Co. That amount was required on a little mortgage of \$150,000,000 given recently to secure an issue of bonds, whereas by waiting a very few days the law would have made the stamps unnecessary.

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Oems	4¾	1-20	3 50	30 00
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Concha Extra (Perfecto Shape)	4 ½	1-20	3 50	30 00
Conchas	4 ½	1-20	3 50	30 00
Boquet (All Havana Filled and Perfecto Shape)	3¾	1-20	3 00	28 00

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Handsome Show Case Cards given free with each order of 500 or more. No attention paid to orders otherwise than as stated above.

All goods strictly Hand Made—long Havana and Domestic Fillers, carefully blended and the finest quality of Sumatra Wrappers.

Our Guarantee Flap with each box. Every box bears the Genuine Union Label.

Hoping to be favored with your valued order, we are,

Yours respectfully,

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MANUFACTURER OF

HIGH-GRADE HAVANA.... CIGARS,

No. 750-752 Penn Street,

READING, PA.

Retailers' Review.

EX-CHIEF OF POLICE HARRISON, of Akron, O., has opened a neat cigar store at Bowery and Exchange Sts. The chief should certainly be able to capture the trade.

Canniff & Warring have had a remarkably successful year's business as successors to W. S. Hatfield, 8 Colden St., Newburg, N. Y. They handle a fine line of goods and are sole distributing agents for some popular brands, including the Berkeley cigar.

J. A. Lancaster & Co., Louisville, Ky., have at last got into their new retail department on Main St., and make an elegant showing. The premises are tastefully furnished, the stock well selected and artistically arranged.

Some recent changes in New York: F. M. Nive now has stand in drug store at 67 Wall St.; W. H. Rosedale has sold stand at 174 Broadway to Greenbaum & Hyans; Dingfelder & Libro have opened a branch store at 112 Pearl St.; Equitable Cigar Co. has removed to 76 Park Place.

Joseph Duroagia & Son have opened a very neat store at 60 N. Paint St., Chillicothe, O.

Frank R. DuBois succeeded to the tobacco business of A. Lewis, 50 Colden St., Newburg, N. Y., on July 1st, and despite the quiet season has every reason to congratulate himself on his purchase.

—L. Schuchman, of Jersey City, N. J., is a good example of what a man of push and ability can do, opposition or no. Two years ago he occupied an eight foot store just starting out, while to-day he is doing a rousing trade in a big store at 57 Newark Ave., and adding customers every day.

—Something like a panic occurred among the delegates to the New Jersey State Federation of Labor, which opened at Camden a few days since, when the monstrous fact was discovered that not a union-made cigar was to be had in town. They held their breath until runners were dispatched to a neighboring town and returned with the sacred product.

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Short Smokes.

OF so much importance is tobacco in Europe, that both its cultivation and manufacture are practically under governmental supervision. In France, Austria-Hungary, Italy and Spain, it is a state monopoly, while in other countries it is a very large item in the vital matter of means whereby revenue may be raised. When it comes to imposing taxes, governments think highly of tobacco.

Oregon is the only State in the Union so far, which manufactures cigars out of pine needles. The sugar pine grows in Southern Oregon, and it is claimed that from the needles of these alone can the right kind of fibre be made. The industry is a German idea, German machinery being imported for its manufacture. It proved, however, quite useless, from the fact that the American needles are much larger than the German. Consequently American machinery of special design was made, and does the work admirably. The cigars have a pine needle flavor, and are particularly recommended to people with asthmatic tendencies. An exceedingly interesting exhibit may be seen at the Pan-American.

Here is a case of what you might call acute self-sacrifice—for a cabman in particular. A big son of the Emerald Isle was driving a traveler not long ago who smoked cigarettes, and smoked them as nervous people do—in installments, lighting about 16 matches for one cigarette, never feeling sure whether it is actually lighted then. From his riding eminence, the cabman looked down through the open cover at the nervous smoker, and an awful look of disgust overspread his wide features, and settled upon the corners of his mouth. Finally, when his destination was reached and cabby was tendered his fare with something on the side, "Shure it's no fare I'll take from yez," he said, "I never charge byes at all. Men smoke cigars, and byes cigarettes," and he drove off, the horse atoning for his owner's bitter renunciation of a fare on principle. The martyrs are not all dead.

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HAVANA CIGARS.

Adelina Patti.	
Aidas	1-45. \$111
Bouquet	1-40. 121
Conchas	1-20. 94
Divas	1-40. 131
Heraldos	1-40. 375
Invincibles	1-40. 235
Panetelas	1-10. 108
Perfectos	1-20. 190
Prima Donna	1-40. 160

L'Alouette.

Aidas	1-40. \$100
Bouquet Espila	1-40. 80
Caprichos	1-20. 80
Crema de Crema	1-40. 295
Fancy Tales	1-40. 335
Grand Perfectos	1-40. 230
Panetelas Impila	1-40. 135
Petit Bouquets	1-40. 163
Perfectos Eleg	1-40. 207
Puritanos Finos	1-20. 130
Regalia Am	1-40. 135
Regalia Fav	1-20. 120
Regalia Esp. Ex	1-20. 145

Africana.

Caprichos	1-20. \$84
Columbiana	1-20. 95
Concha Esp	1-20. 116
Delectas	1-20. 100
Excentricos (foil)	1-20. 134
Jasmines	1-40. 119
Perfectos	1-40. 200
Pred de Bismarck	1-40. 221
Puritanos Finos	1-20. 114
Regalia Esp	1-20. 168

American Jockey Club.

Bouquets	1-40. \$203
Concha Fina Esp	1-20. 123
Exquisitos	1-20. 165
Knickerbockers	1-10. 162
Panetelas	1-10. 110
Perfectos	1-40. 196

La Antiguada.

Camelias	1-20. \$63
Conchas Fir. Fina	1-20. 104
Damas	1-10. 55
Doritas	1-20. 94
Invincibles Ex	1-40. 230
Perfectos	1-40. 185
Reina Victoria	1-10. 150

Aristocrat.

Apollo	1-20. \$108
Cabinets (in foil)	1-40. 253
Exquisitos	1-20. 123
Invincibles	1-40. 225
Minervas	1-40. 120
Regalia Venus	1-20. 91
Rothschild	1-40. 225

Bock & Co.

Almuerzos	1-20. \$191
Cabinets	1-40. 265
Clavetas	1-10. 86
Culebras	1-20. 147
Deliciosos Ex	1-40. 157
Exquisitos Comp	1-20. 213
Gems	1-10. 102
Lindas	1-40. 131
Longfellow	1-40. 441
Marquesas	1-20. 100
Obradores	1-40. 260
Panetelas	1-20. 231
Perfectos	1-10. 115
Puritanos	1-40. 193
Petit Duc	1-20. 123
Princessas	1-10. 103
Puritanos Finos	1-20. 122
Regalia Esp. Ex	1-20. 153
Violetas	1-10. 102

Cabañas y Carvajal.

Belmonts	1-10. \$190
Brevas	1-10. 139
Conchas Esp	1-20. 98
Diplomaticos	1-40. 178
Londres fino Esp	1-10. 108
Magnolias	1-20. 176
Perfectos	1-10. 107
Perfectos	1-40. 105
Petit Bouquet	1-40. 182
Petit Duc	1-20. 133
Puritanos Finos	1-20. 120
Regalia Esp	1-20. 169

La Carolina.

Concha Fin. Esp	1-20. \$113
Elegantes	1-10. 133
Favoritas Ex	1-20. 162
Invincibles	1-40. 228
Perfectos	1-40. 105
Puritanos Finos	1-20. 125
Regalia Perfectos	1-40. 140
Reina Esp	1-10. 98
Sports	1-40. 111

La Comercial.

Ben Ali	1-20. \$190
Bouquets Sub	1-40. 160
Comerciales Ex	1-40. 228
Conchas Sublimes	1-20. 104
Crema de Crema	1-40. 275
Diamantes	1-20. 137
Fancy Tales	1-40. 275
Graciosos	1-10. 132
Reina Cristina	1-10. 120
Perfectos	1-20. 125
Perfectos Ex fina	1-40. 197
Perfectos Sublimes	1-40. 179
Regalia Chiquita	1-20. 94
Regalia Selectas	1-40. 138

La Corona.

Apollos	1-20. \$93
Bouquets	1-40. 210
Celestiales Astoriat	1-40. 165
Concha Fina Esp	1-20. 125
Conquerors	1-40. 208
Coronas	1-40. 365
Corona Perfectos	1-40. 240
Emperradores	1-40. 660
Fin de Siecle	1-40. 420
High Life	1-20. 125
Invincibles	1-40. 313
Perfectos Ex	1-40. 175
Regalia Chiquita	1-20. 162
Union Club	1-40. 250

Flor Cubana.

Bouquets Sub	1-40. \$127
Perfectos	1-40. 178
Petit Bouquets	1-40. 110
Regalia Chica	1-20. 113
Regalia Esp	1-20. 150
Reina Victoria	1-10. 140

Flor de Cuba.

Albas Finos	1-40. \$310
Bouquets	1-40. 225
Celestiales	1-40. 360
Deliciosos	1-20. 190
Exquisitos	1-20. 174
High Life	1-20. 125
Portenas	1-40. 155
Panetelas	1-10. 130
Petit Bouquet	1-40. 190
Perfectos Esp	1-40. 208
Perlitas	1-20. 90
Recuerdos Imp	1-40. 400
Regalia Perfecta	1-20. 155
Regalia Chica Ex	1-20. 147
Regalia Selecta	1-20. 146
Reina Vic Esp	1-10. 210
Royales	1-40. 175
Sublimes	1-40. 270

Flor de Benito Suarez.

Panetelas	1-10. \$93
Regalia Esp	1-20. 150

La Dilligencia.

Coquetas	1-20. \$94
Diligencias	1-40. 357
Excelentes	1-40. 137
Excepcionales	1-40. 209
Magnificos	1-40. 189
Petit Dudes	1-20. 93
Perfectos	1-20. 174

Eden.

Brevas	1-20. \$160
Caprichos	1-10. 75
Clavetas	1-40. 162
Concha Fina Esp	1-20. 80
Dainties	1-20. 129
Deliciosos	1-40. 143
Deliciosos Ex	1-40. 164
Especiales	1-20. 85
Incomparables	1-40. 238
Magnolias	1-20. 90
Perfectos	1-40. 188
Perlas	1-40. 182
Puritanos Finos	1-20. 120
Regalia Esp Ex	1-20. 148

Espanola.

Alvas	1-40. \$295
Aromaticos	1-40. 121
Celestiales	1-40. 360
Conchas Esp	1-20. 105
Londres	1-40. 103
Palmitas (foil)	1-20. 142
Panetelas	1-20. 110
Perfectos Fir Fina	1-40. 190
Triangulares	1-40. 141
Violetas	1-40. 117

Aguila de Oro.

Deliciosos Ex	1-40. 165
Flechas de Oro	1-40. 132
Obsequios Extra	1-40. 260
Panetelas	1-10. 121
Princessas	1-10. 104
Puritanos Finos	1-20. 125
Regalia Esp Ex	1-20. 160

Manuel Garcia.

Apollos	1-20. \$97
Bismarcks	1-40. 369
Bouquets	1-20. 151
Casinos	1-20. 110
Celestiales	1-40. 295
Concha Fina Esp	1-20. 113
Concha Select	1-20. 93
Deliciosos	1-40. 169
Exquisitos	1-20. 130
Favoritas	1-20. 195
Invincibles	1-40. 227
Londres Fino	1-10. 130
Panetelas Finos	1-10. 98
Perfectos	1-40. 206
Petit Duc	1-20. 110
Puritanos Finos	1-20. 110
Regalia Chiquita	1-20. 80
Roe Esp. Ex	1-20. 153
Regalia Esp. Sub	1-20. 153
Rositas	1-20. 105
Sublimis Perf	1-40. 193

Henry Clay.

Aguilas de Guil	1-40. \$365
Alvas	1-40. 390
Bouquets	1-40. 179
Bouquet Royal	1-40. 115
Brevas	1-10. 142
Concha Esp	1-20. 118
Concha Esp. Ex	1-20. 95
Concha Select	1-20. 94
Londres fino Esp	1-10. 137
Lulus	1-20. 178
Matinees	1-10. 144
Maud	1-20. 237
Nancy Hanks	1-20. 255
Napoleones	1-40. 270
New Yorkinos	1-40. 190
Panetelas	1-20. 136
Para la Noblez	1-20. 203
Perfectos	1-40. 195
Predilectos	1-20. 273
Puritanos Finos	1-20. 125
Regalia de Paris	1-40. 133

Regalia Esp	1-20. \$158
Regalia Patti	1-20. 136
Regalia Perf	1-40. 167
Reina Vic. Ex	1-20. 183
Reina Vic. Sup	1-10. 191
Reina Maria Vic	1-10. 104
Sports	1-40. 140
Varieties	1-20. 218
Victoria	1-10. 142

High Life.

Admirales	1-40. \$225
Bouquet Esp	1-40. 138
Londres Ex	1-10. 127
Perfectos	1-40. 121
Puritanos	1-20. 126
Regalia Superba	1-20. 138

La Intimidad.

Bouquets	1-40. \$193
Conchas Esp	1-20. 121
Conquerors	1-40. 137
Delicias	1-20. 105
Deliciosos	1-20. 158
Fancy Tales	1-40. 323
Favoritas	1-20. 112
Marias	1-40. 246
Noblezas	1-40. 170
Perfectos	1-40. 206
Perfectos Ex	1-40. 185
Perfectos Waldorff	1-40. 186
Perlas	1-40. 182
Puritanos Finos	1-20. 122
Regalia Esp	1-20. 144
Reina Vic. Ex	1-10. 171

La Imperial.

Alteras Reales	1-40. \$1000
Bouquet Sub	1-40. 200
Brevas	1-10. 150
Cabinet Imp	1-40. 250
Concha Esp	1-20. 109
Heraldos del Rey	1-40. 249
Invincibles	1-40. 275
Napoleones	1-40. 290
Perlas	1-40. 195
Panetelas	1-10. 115
Princesses	1-10. 105

La Indiana.

Aguilas Imp	1-40. \$375
Cavalliers	1-20. 98
Espirituales	1-20. 115
Diamantes	1-40. 120
Puritanos	1-20. 120
Perfectos	1-40. 190

Tadla Cubana.

Bouquets	1-40. \$130
Operas	1-10. 65
Petit Duc	1-40. 75

Por Larranaga.

Bouquets	1-40. \$118
Conchas Especial	1-20. 118
Delicias	1-20. 107
Panetelas	1-10. 113
Perfectos	1-40. 220
Petit Bouquets	1-40. 182
Pred de Dewey	1-40. 148
Regalia Esp	1-20. 149

Lord Bonaparte.

Bachelors	1-20. \$120
Bouquets	1-40. 145
Camelias	1-20. 95
Excelsior	1-20. 125

La Rosa de Santiago.

Brevas, a la Con's 10	1-10. \$169
Bouquet, Extra	1-40. 205
Camelias	1-20. 206
Celestiales	1-40. 184
Conchas, First	1-20. 114
Conchas, Esp	1-20. 344
Delicias	1-10. 704
Deliciosos	1-40. 175
Diplomaticos Esp	1-20. 195
Hermosos	1-20. 165
Invincibles Ex	1-40. 242
Jockey Club	1-10. 162
Magnolias	1-20. 182
Media Reg Esp	1-20. 147
Perfectos	1-40. 220

Villar y Villar.

Bouquets1-40.	\$215
Deliciosos1-40.	26
Escap Rothschilds1-40.	162
Esquitos1-40.	175
Invenibles1-40.	304
Knickerbockers1-10.	183
Panetelas1-10.	138
Perfectos1-40.	243
Petit Bouquets1-40.	162
Princesas1-10.	112
Reina Fina1-20.	193
Rothschilds1-20.	205

The Waldorf.

Bouquets1-40.	\$160
Casadores (foil)1-40.	235
Concha Esp.1-20.	105
Delicias1-20.	100
Deliciosos1-40.	150
Deliciosos, Ex.1-40.	166
Londres Imp.1-10.	135
Lulu1-20.	215
Perfectos1-40.	197
Perf. (for fina)1-40.	198
Perfectos1-40.	200
Petit Bouquet1-40.	140
Petit Duc.1-20.	155
Panetelas1-10.	100
Puritano Finos1-20.	120
Rothschilds1-20.	165

Waldorf-Astoria.

Aristocracias1-20.	\$160
Astoria Perf.1-40.	244
Bouquet Imp.1-40.	210
Deliciosos1-40.	193
Greater New York1-40.	276
Invenibles1-40.	205
Panetelas1-10.	125
Petit Bouquet1-40.	176
Perfectos1-40.	213
Puritano Finos1-20.	130
Regalia del Prin.1-10.	128
Royales1-20.	192
Regalia Excel.1-20.	160
Lilias (foil)1-10.	124
Serpentinos1-40.	162

Washington.

Bouquets Finos1-40.	\$133
Edison's1-40.	193
Invenibles1-40.	195
Puritano Finas1-20.	112

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Concha Esp.1-20.	75
Casinos1-20.	90
Deliciosos1-40.	110
Elegantes1-20.	56
Invenibles1-40.	143
Jockey Club1-10.	71
Longfellow1-10.	103
Londres Fino Esp.1-10.	82
Liliputanos1-20.	110
Magnolias1-20.	116
Perfectos1-40.	128
Perfectos finos1-40.	100
Petit Bouquets1-40.	92
Petit Duc.1-20.	82
Pre't's de P. & T.1-40.	156
Puritano Finos1-20.	78
Regalia Esp.1-20.	104
Rothschilds Ex.1-20.	88
Varieties1-20.	133
Washington1-40.	213

La Elegancia.

A. M. & C. Cabinet1-40.	\$178
Apollo1-20.	70
Bouquet Fino1-40.	106
Brevas Esp.1-20.	88
Cabinet1-20.	94
Camelias1-20.	57
Chiquitos1-20.	39
Comme il Faut1-20.	79
Conchas Bouquet1-20.	64

Concha Ex.1-20.	\$58
Conchas Selectas1-20.	84
Deliciosos Ex.1-40.	106
Double Enders1-20.	78
Favoritas1-20.	55
Invenibles1-40.	143
Jockey Club1-10.	70
Knickerbockers1-40.	78
Knickerbocker Ex.1-40.	73
Londres Grande1-10.	81
Manhattan1-40.	75
Media Regalia1-20.	68
Opera Reinas1-10.	35
Perfectos1-40.	132
Perf. Ex. Finol1-40.	124
Perlas1-20.	79
Petit Bouquets1-40.	74
Petit Duc1-20.	72
Ponies1-40.	35
Puritano Ex.1-20.	70
Regalia Esp.1-20.	102
Regalia Ex.1-20.	98
Rothschilds1-20.	78
Savoy1-20.	92
Seleccion Esp.1-20.	122
Selecta Ex.1-20.	87
Selectas1-20.	76
Union League1-20.	74
Victorias1-40.	96

La Belle Rosa.

Camelias1-20.	\$57
Concha Finas1-20.	66
Puritano1-20.	76
Deliciosos1-20.	85
Diplomaticos1-20.	95
Perfecto Finos1-40.	120
After Dinners1-40.	125

First Consul.

Alvas1-40.	\$200
Almuerzos (pkgs. 10)1-20.	130
Concha Especiales1-20.	65
Concha Fina Esp.1-20.	80
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Escepcionales1-40.	160
Invenibles1-40.	165
Jockey Club1-40.	103
Londres1-10.	71
Londres Grand1-10.	80
Media Perfecto1-40.	95
Musketeer1-20.	60
Old Timers (pkgs. 25)1-20.	85

Panetelas (Bock)1-10.	80
Panetelas (M. G.)1-40.	135
Perfectos1-40.	137
Perf. (Carolina)1-40.	135
Perfectos (H. C.)1-40.	140
Perfectos (M. G.)1-40.	140
Petit Duc.1-20.	78
Puritano Extra1-20.	78
Puritano Finos1-20.	85
Regalia Britannica1-40.	150
Rothschilds1-20.	85
Rothschilds Ex.1-20.	92
Senoritas1-20.	35

La Flor de Sanchez y Haya.

Agulias1-40.	\$250
Bouquets1-40.	83
Bouquet Sub.1-40.	90
Cabinets1-40.	125
Conchas1-20.	63
Conchas Finas1-20.	75
Conchas Sub.1-20.	70
Coquetas1-10.	65
Deliciosos1-40.	200
Imperiales1-40.	180
Invenibles1-40.	180
Londres Cor.1-10.	85
Londres Ex.1-10.	75
Londres Finos1-20.	75
Non Plus Ultra1-20.	85
Panetelas1-20.	80
Perfectos1-40.	150
Perfectos Finos1-40.	140
Petit Duc.1-40.	70
Presidents1-40.	210
Puritano Ex.1-20.	82
Regalia Eleg.1-20.	95
Rothschilds1-20.	90
Trabucos1-40.	115

Marcello.

Brevas1-10.	\$95
Bouquets1-40.	105
Casadores (foil)1-40.	115
Conchas Esp.1-20.	63
Deliciosos Fina1-40.	95
Escepcionales1-40.	175
Entreactos1-10.	75
Graciosos1-20.	92
Imperiales1-40.	160
Invenibles1-40.	160
Knickerbockers1-10.	90
Londres Grande1-10.	35
League Clubs1-20.	80
Petit Duc.1-20.	88
Panetelas1-10.	78
Perfectos Royal1-40.	95
Perfectos Ex.1-40.	110
Perfectos1-40.	130
Puritano Finos1-20.	80
Regalia Chiquita1-20.	82
Rothschilds1-20.	80
Rothschilds Ex. F.1-20.	90
Regalia Ex.1-20.	90

La Sinceridad.

Ambassadors1-40.	\$115
Aristocrats1-40.	105
Casadores1-40.	100
Chums1-10.	35
Criterion1-20.	100
Deliciosos1-20.	85
Diplomatico1-20.	85
Emperors1-40.	150
Fancy Tales1-40.	175
Jockey Club1-20.	95
Knickerbocker1-20.	70
Londres Grande1-10.	70
London Club1-20.	95
Majors1-40.	125
Monograms1-40.	115
Panetela Fina1-20.	80
Perfecto C.1-40.	130
Perfectos Finos1-40.	100
Perfectos1-40.	125
Perlas1-40.	100
Puritano Finos1-20.	80
Regalia Noblesza1-20.	95
Town Topics1-40.	75

Otomo.

Aromaticos1-20.	\$90
Bachelors1-20.	100
Caballeros (2 bds)1-10.	85
Conchas Ex.1-20.	60
Delmonico1-20.	60
Escepcionales1-40.	165
High Life1-20.	70
Invenibles1-40.	175
Londres Fino1-10.	70
Media Perfectos1-40.	90
Napoleons1-40.	135
Panetelas1-20.	72
Perfectos1-40.	125
Prince of Wales1-20.	85
Regalia Esp.1-20.	95
Reina Vic. Esp.1-10.	95

La Petronilla.

Londres1-10.	\$78
Madison1-20.	80
Regalia Especial1-20.	95
Van Buren1-20.	108
Washington1-20.	98

Riqueza de Tampa.

Bouquet Fina1-40.	\$90
Brevas1-10.	85
Conchas Esp.1-20.	60
Deliciosos1-20.	83
Elegantes1-20.	68
Esquitos1-40.	80
Invenibles1-40.	138
Liliputanos1-10.	38
Panetelas1-10.	68
Panetelas Finas1-10.	78
Petit Duc.1-20.	63
Puritano1-20.	75
Puritano Finas1-20.	82
Perfectos1-40.	80
Perfectos Sup.1-40.	128
Regalia Esp.1-20.	95
Smokers1-10.	62
Violetas1-10.	80

Solace Factory.

Bouquets1-40.	\$75
Club Espls1-20.	75
Con. Esp.1-20.	\$65
Coquettes1-10.	60
Deliciosos1-20.	88
Delmonicos1-20.	85
Favoritas1-20.	80
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Knickerbockers1-20.	100
Napoleons1-40.	175
Perfectos1-40.	130
Perfectos Esp.1-40.	95
Petit Duc.1-40.	75
Petit Perfectos1-40.	100
Puritano1-20.	80
Puritano Finas1-20.	85
Reina Finas1-10.	70
Reina Vic. Ex.1-20.	90
Rothschild1-20.	85
Young Ladies1-20.	60

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After Dinner1-40.	\$150
Bouquets1-40.	70
Cabinets1-40.	53
Conchas1-20.	65
Conchas Esp.1-20.	65
Delmonicos1-20.	80
Invenibles1-40.	165
Londres1-10.	80
Panetelas Finos1-20.	75
Perfectos1-40.	135
Perlas1-20.	60
Puritano1-20.	90
Sublimes1-20.	85

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Bouquet Ex.1-40.	80
Conchas Ex.1-20.	75
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Diplomatico Esp.1-20.	100
Delicious Fina1-40.	110
Delmonico1-20.	90
Gems1-40.	70
Invenible1-40.	175
Jockey Club1-20.	110
Monopole1-40.	100
Panetelas1-20.	150
Petit Perfecto1-20.	105
Perfecto Finas1-40.	130
Puritano Esp.1-20.	75
Petit Bouquet1-40.	85
Panetela Finas1-20.	80
Perlas1-40.	110
Perfecto1-40.	110
Perfecto Selecto1-40.	160
Perfecto Esp.1-40.	150
Royal Perfecto1-20.	100
Regalia Cabinet1-40.	120
Regalia Esp.1-20.	100
Rothschild1-20.	85
Reina Vic. Esp.1-10.	100
Regalia Perfecto1-40.	120
Violetas1-20.	60

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Puritano Fino1-20.	\$50
Regalia Concha1-20.	70
Concha Fina Esp.1-20.	60
Brevas1-10.	85
Londres Extra1-10.	70
Puritano Esp.1-20.	70
Perfectos1-40.	110
Victorias1-20.	85
Panetelas1-20.	70
Colonias1-20.	90
Stubs1-20.	90
Regalia American1-10.	70
Union Club1-20.	90
Perfecto de C.1-40.	100
Perfecto Extra1-40.	85
Invenibles1-40.	130
Dainties1-20.	90
Jockey Club1-20.	95
Panetelas Finas1-20.	75
Deliciousas1-40.	100
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Bouquet1-40.	80
Rothschilds1-20.	75
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